Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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Photo by *Abeniacar*

The Archduchess Maria Immaculata of Austria, daughter of the Archduke Leopold of Austria

No. 57.—Vol. V.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

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THE WORLD'S PAGEANT.

London: Wednesday, January 4, 1905

What should we do without the *Daily Mail* to stir us up in these decadent days? Our contemporary performs the same useful function in journalism that a scavenger does in the streets. It rakes about the gutter and stirs up the mud in its search for trouble. It says, "Look! Having raked in this mud-heap, I have found that it is really very dirty." We all knew that before.

* * *

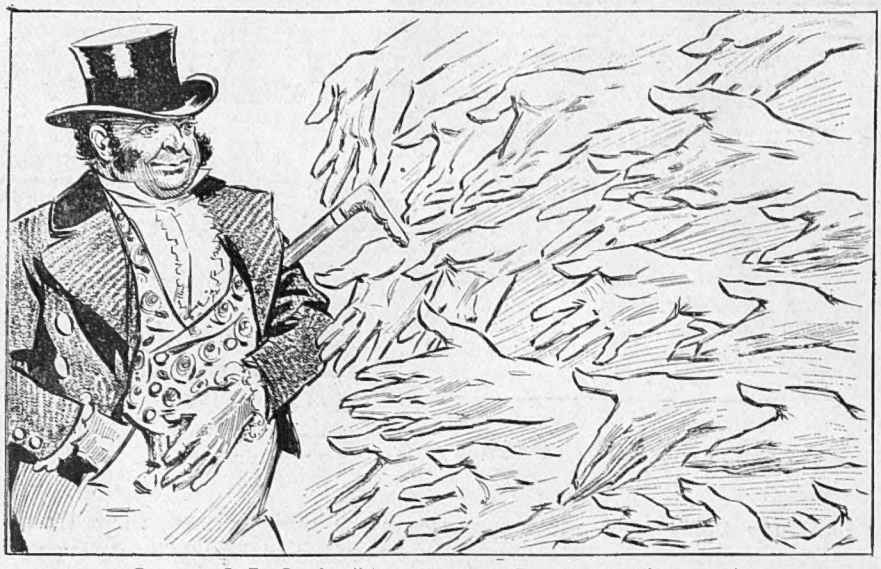
So it has now discovered that the Drury Lane Pantomime is very vulgar. It is nothing but a music-hall show. The artistes engaged in it fulfil normally their functions in the entertainment of music-hall patrons. In the Drury Lane Pantomime it is usually understood that the performers are actually expected to elaborate the "Show" that has made their successes in the music-halls. Their wit almost invariably takes the form of the bibulous person "at sea," with the usual off-set of a disagreeable mother-in-law. Of course, it is poor wit, and it is generally vulgar.

* * *

But this has been the policy of Drury Lane for as many years as we care to reckon, and the patrons of the Lane know perfectly well what to expect. The management, headed by Mr. Arthur Collins, are quite aware that the Drury Lane Pantomime for children means for grown-up children. Pater-familias likes the excuse to enjoy a performance that is, *de facto*, somewhat vulgar, where he appreciates the *bon mots* (music-hall ones), and, at the same time, gains the credit of having taken the children to a

POOR LITTLE MITE

THE TSAR (to the Tsarevitch): "I desire to leave this to you exactly as my father left it to me, but I'm afraid the tiresome thing is going to explode"



Generous J. B. (Loq.): "Ah! they know I can't refuse 'em at this season of the year"

gorgeous entertainment. As for the children, they do not appreciate the *double entendres*, but they think it is a fine entertainment.

* * *

It is wonderful to see the lavish answer to the charitable appeals for those who are unfortunate enough to want. The British nation is, indeed, the most generous nation in the world. John Bull makes mistakes, and grumbles when he has to pay, but when there is real cause for appeal, it never fails to reach his heart, and to make him unbutton his pocket. Nearly every daily paper has its unemployed fund at the moment, and from the highest to the lowest all have given their share.

* * *

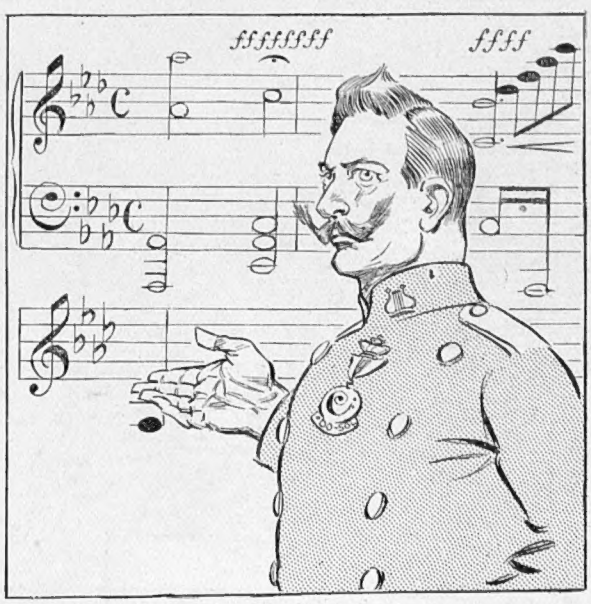
The Tsar is, indeed, sitting on a bombshell. His idea is, that he must bequeath it intact to his son, Alexis. He overlooks the fact that a bomb, even with a slow fuse, must explode at some time. Were he wise he would extract the explosive, but this he refuses to recognise as existent. Prince Mirsky is defeated, the reformers are snubbed, and rebellion is rife in consequence. Port Arthur will, it is now clear, fall within a very few days, and, in fact, both at home and abroad, the affairs of Russia are in a very parlous state. Unless Russia can float her new loan of twenty-five millions sterling in Berlin and thirty-two millions in Paris, the beginning of the end is in sight, and the indications are that Paris especially is fighting shy of financing her Tartar ally. How much longer will it be before the bubble bursts?

* * *

The artistic temperament must be pleaded in excuse for the *faux pas* just perpetrated by Signor Leoncavallo, when he informed an interviewer that Germany possessed no composer—only mediocre musicians. Poor Kaiser! This is a sad return for his patronage of the great Italian composer. Can Signor Leoncavallo have forgotten the enthusiastic scenes which greeted the fall of the curtain on *Roland of Berlin*? The relations between Sovereigns of one country and great men of another are sometimes emperilled by the little hitches which occur between mortals of quite humble attainments. One recalls in history, with a shudder, the amenities which followed upon the rupture of the friendship between Frederic the Great and Voltaire. "No composers in Germany." Poor Kaiser! And he has tried so hard to be something beyond a mere ruler.

"Oh! I'm so sorry to trouble you, but would you mind going back to the station, I've forgotten to buy the "B— .— .d—r"
(Advt.)

(A young lady recently stopped the Cambridge Express because she discovered she was in the wrong train)



"Signor!!! You forget!"
?

(To an interviewer, Leoncavallo has said that Germany possesses no composer—only mediocre musicians)

IMPRESSIONS OF THE DRURY LANE PANTOMIME

POINTS FROM THE PLAYHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

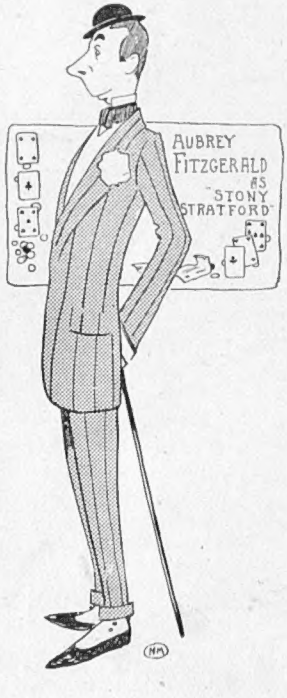
"Lady Madcap"

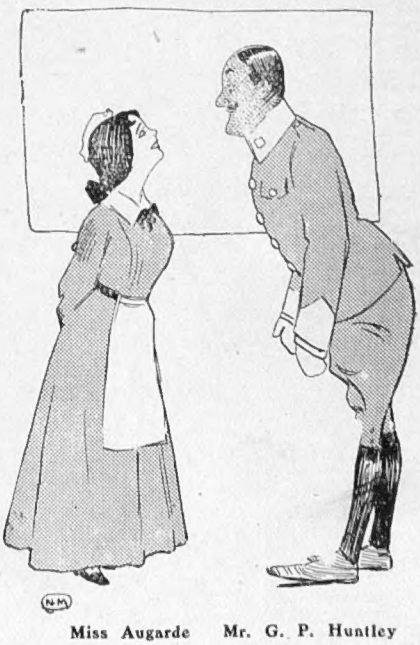
The playgoing world is crowding the Prince of Wales's Theatre to see Mr. G. P. Huntley "butle." It is an opportunity not to be missed, for no one has "butled" before, and no one but Mr. Huntley will "butle" again. To "butle" is merely to fulfil the office of a butler. It sounds an easy *rôle* to fill, and so it is—for Mr. Huntley. It was a smart conception to coin a new word for the purpose of exploiting Mr. Huntley in a new *rôle*. I do not know whether the credit for this coinage is due to Mr. Paul Rubens, who wrote all the music of *Lady Madcap*, part of the book, and part of the lyrics; Mr. Percy Greenbank, who wrote part of the lyrics; Colonel Newnham-Davis, who wrote part of the book; or Mr. Huntley himself. It is immaterial. The important point is for everyone to go and see the "butling." Apparently, everyone is doing so, but those who have yet to make up their minds may be comforted by the assurance that some very desirable seats in various parts of the house will be vacant about the middle of next February.

It is terrible to conceive the absence of Mr. Huntley from the cast at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. There are other clever people who do their utmost with the not too brilliant opportunities afforded them. There is Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, in a species of swell mobsman *rôle*, which starts on most amusing lines, and goes off the rails at the first points. There is Mr. Fred Emney as hi confederate—a part which makes the same short trip and comes to grief about the same time. When Stony Stratford and Posh Jenkins make their appearance, they raise the expectations of the audience to the highest pitch. "These chaps are going to be funny," one murmurs complacently. And they are funny throughout the whole of their opening scene. They never get another chance.

To continue with the cast. There is Mr. Maurice Farkoa as *empressé* as usual in his demeanonr towards the fair sex, and singing the sort of song that any other artist would ruin by singing too loud. Mr. Farkoa has, indeed, brought the art of singing in a whisper to a fine art. An uneasy suspicion sometimes floats across my mind that Mr. Farkoa's style of singing is moulded by the law of limitations—in other words, that he sings in a whisper because he can't sing out loud. I always reject this suspicion as unworthy, and secretly long for him to banish it altogether by singing "Tom Bowling," or "In Cellar Cool." This gentle die-away method of singing is an anomalous malady in

Miss Adrienne Augarde
(Lady Betty, the "Madcap")





Miss Augarde
(Lady Betty)

Mr. G. P. Huntley
(Trooper Smith)

IMPRESSIONS OF THE PLAYERS IN "LADY MADCAP"

an athletic and robustious age. The cast at the Prince of Wales's Theatre all suffer from it. There is some excuse for Mr. Farkoa, because on his own lines he is unrivalled, and who can give such point to a song as he? But when everybody —tenors, baritones, basses, soprani, mezzo soprani, contraltos—sing so confidentially, it becomes a little monotonous, and one longs for a big man with a big voice to fill the theatre with sound, just as a relief to all this gentle melody.

There is a song in the piece, "It's a way they have in the Army," which has a fine lilting refrain, and here, at least, is an opportunity for some vocal power; but, no! the way they have in the Army is the way of a man with a maid, and whether it is the gentle purport of the words, or because the singer is bitten with the modern mania for singing *pianissimo*, the rendering of the song was more suited to that of an early Victorian ballad about the moon or forget-me-nots. Why not tack on another verse concerning other ways they have in the Army, and give the singer a chance of singing out? It is the same way with the ladies in the cast. They trill and coo the catchy ballads of Mr. Paul Rubens in such wise, that one yearns, in relief, to hear a good dramatic soprano at the Albert Hall. But a truce to grumbling. There is always Mr. G. P. Huntley to raise wonder and amusement. For part of his success is due to the amazement he creates in his auditors regarding the depth of humorous meaning he extracts from the simplest lines. His soliloquy over the bunch of keys, sign-tokens of his office of butler, is worth the price of admission alone. By all means go and see him "butle."

Mr. G. P. Huntley "butling"

"A Country Girl" in French

A brief Christmas visit to the Gay City enabled me to see a new form of entertainment—an English musical comedy in French. Not for the first time, the audience proved as interesting a spectacle as that presented on the stage. It was interesting to note the effect of English musical comedy humour upon the audience. It appeared to make them very thoughtful. Serious consideration of the jokes in the book reached a climax when Barry and Sophie sang the chicken duet. There was something almost majestic in the gravity with which the audience received this fanciful measure. The Gallic temperament, confronted with a riddle beyond solution, underwent a strange metamorphosis. These French men and women suddenly assumed the mask of the Oriental. Deep and inscrutable was the gaze they turned on the performers. Such a look could be engendered only by thoughts which lay too deep for words.

No, the French are not yet educated up to the humorous side of a modern English libretto, but they seemed fully to appreciate the general liveliness of the entertainment. After suffering a bit of humorous dialogue, they brightened up on the entrance of the chorus, the opening bars of a song, or the first steps of a dance.

One of the most striking points of the performance was the total absence of encores. It is difficult to credit the lightness and quickness imparted to the piece by this welcome omission of an intolerable nuisance. I do not know what cuts were made, but the play was preceded by a variety entertainment, and the entire programme formed an agreeable afternoon's entertainment. This could never have been had encores been insisted upon as they are in England.

M. Max Dearly gave a marvellous representation of an Englishman. After the burlesque Frenchmen who have squealed and pirouetted on the English stage, it is heaping coals of fire on our heads for a Frenchman to play an Englishman without a single note of exaggeration.

E. C. S.

Miss Delia Mason (*Gwenny Holden*) Mr. Maurice Farkoa (*Count de St. Hubert*)

A PAIR OF LOVEBIRDS

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

Lock. R. Reh. 25/1/05

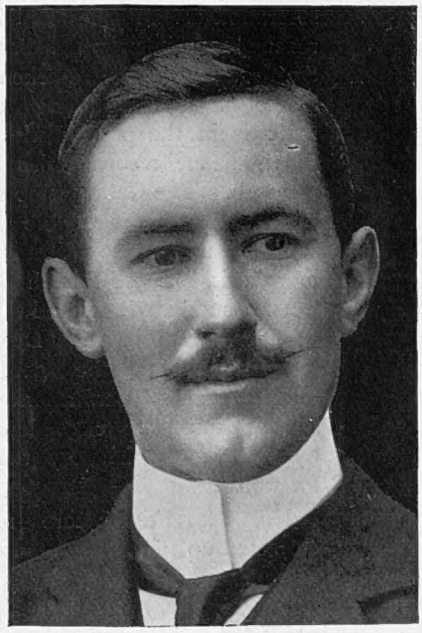


Photo by *McDonald*

Mr. Richard Rigg

One of the most youthful Members of the House, who has recently turned a "political somersault," and joined the Unionist Party

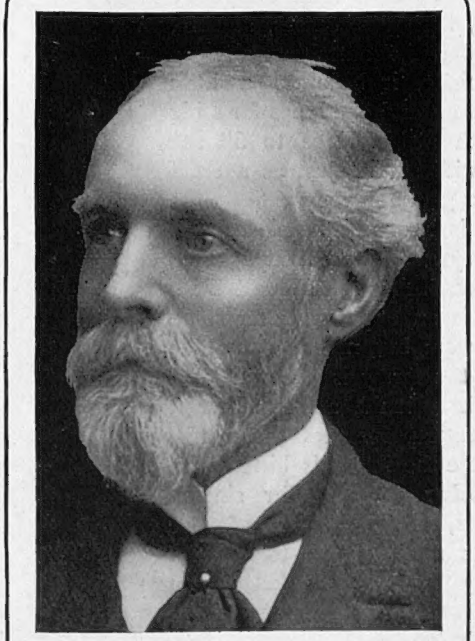


Photo by *Dupont*

Mr. Whitelaw Reid

The well-known editor of the *New York Tribune*, and Mr. Choate's successor as Ambassador to Great Britain

A Youthful Parliamentarian

Mr. Richard Rigg, whose "political somersault," as a local opponent called it, has created so much disturbance in his constituency, has had a parliamentary career unique in two respects. He was, until Lord Turnour's election, the "baby" of the House of Commons, though this fact of his youth has been rather over-emphasised, and he also happens to be the only Radical Member ever returned by Appleby. There is little doubt that he triumphed more by his personality than his cause, because people in the North felt affectionately towards him because he had been brought up, like themselves, among the Fells, and, perhaps, this very feeling has helped to feed the present rancour. A story is told of a man in a remote district, who had collected all the published portraits he could procure of his political idol, when he heard of his change of Party, he made a bonfire of them all, sacrificing his own illusions at the same time. Mr. Rigg is a teetotaller and a non-smoker, and his chief speech this year was on the injurious effects of tobacco on the health of small boys. Mr. Rigg has a mobile, expressive face, and rather a nervous manner until he begins to speak; he is not what is popularly called a Society man, perhaps because he early devoted himself to more serious matters. He was married in September to a Penrith lady, and has since returned the presents sent him by the Liberal Associations.

America's New Ambassador

Press and public had anticipated for several months the appointment of the Hon. Whitelaw Reid to the position of Ambassador to Great Britain in succession to Mr. Choate. Indeed, if a sporting phrase may be used in this grave connection, "there was no one else in the running." Mr. Reid's genuine love for England and the English has caused admiration among his supporters, and, occasionally, alarm among his opponents—his declaration to wear Court dress at the Coronation was regarded almost as a breach of the American Constitution. The appointment has given general satisfaction, and only one step is lacking to make all parties happy, viz., his resignation of the editorship of the *New York Tribune*. It is felt that the proprieties would be outraged by his tenure of the two offices. Mr. Reid's withdrawal from the direction of the newspaper would be hailed with satisfaction by that section of the American Yellow Press which has ever been annoyed by the grave and dignified manner in which the *Tribune* has upheld the English standpoint on questions relating to the two countries.

Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C.

Much regret is felt at the retirement of Sir Evelyn Wood from the Southern command at Salisbury, but it must be confessed that the gallant Field-Marshal has earned his rest. He has served his country for considerably over half a century, though no one would believe it when looking at his active, soldierly

The Least Photographed Celebrity in the World

figure. Like Sir John French, Sir Evelyn Wood began his career in the Navy. While still a lad, he served with the Naval Brigade in the Crimea as aide-de-camp to Captain Peel. In September, 1855, he began his career in the Army as a cornet in the 13th Light Dragoons, and has since served successively in the 17th Lancers ("Death or Glory Boys"), the 73rd Foot, 17th Foot, and 90th Foot. To his many splendid services we have only space to refer very briefly. Perhaps the simplest method of judging how full his life has been of active service is to glance at his medals. He wears the Crimean medal with two clasps and the Turkish medal for the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny medal, the Ashanti (1873-4), the Zulu War medal and clasp, the Egyptian medal and bronze star, with the clasp for the Soudan campaign of 1884-5. In the Mutiny campaign he won the Victoria Cross for having attacked, almost single-handed, a body of rebels at Sindwaho. His term of service in command of the Southern District really expired last October, but it was extended for three months.

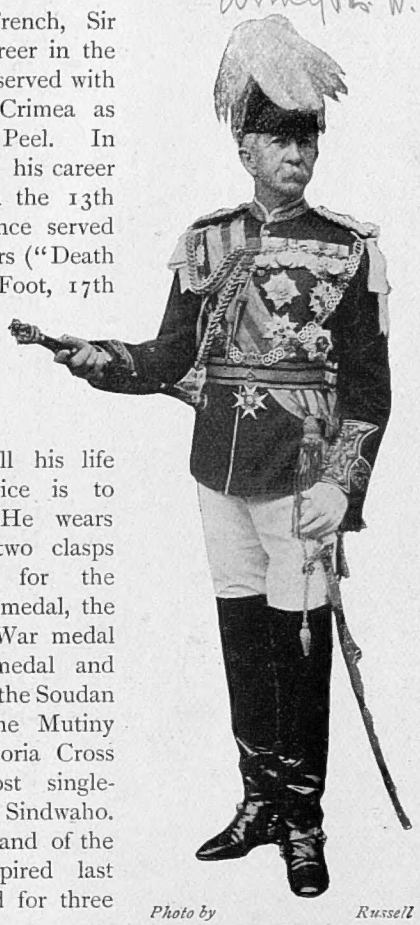


Photo by Russell
Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C.

The Empress of China

To be an Empress of many years' standing, then a Dowager Empress with a world-wide reputation, and never to have been photographed, constitutes a record which cannot be beaten by any other Royal personage in the world. It made one wonder whether that subtle and elusive presence, known in the newspapers as the Dowager Empress of China, was really a tangible personality, or merely an imaginary Mrs. Harris invented by Li Hung Chang Gamp to serve as a scapegoat during European complications. In token of assurance, however, we publish, this week, what is believed to be the only portrait ever taken of the famous (some say infamous) Celestial Dowager. According to the *South China Post*, the Empress still maintains her reputation for severity in matters of Court etiquette, for recently she severely lectured Yung Luh's daughter for wearing blue mourning shoes. The enraged old lady inquired how she dared to come into her presence in mourning, and particularly when her birthday was about to be celebrated. When the bewildered young lady explained that she was in mourning for her father, the Empress Dowager replied that she

The only known photograph of Tsi Ann, Empress Dowager of China

Wooing the Mile End Electorate

Photo by *Topical Agency*

The Hon. Harry Lawson, Unionist candidate for Mile End

was supreme, and that the mistake must never happen again. Evidently the Dowager Empress is still a force to be reckoned with in her own country.

The Hon. Harry Lawson

There is a no more profitable hunting ground for the cynic than a district where active canvassing is in progress, by gentlemen who desire to enjoy the representation of the constituency in Parliament. The ardour they display in wooing the enfranchised, the *bonhomie*, good-fellowship, hail-fellow-well-met attitude they display during these periods is, indeed, a memory to be cherished. They will promise anything, if only you, dear friend—and voter—will plump for them. You expect the millennium and you receive—a batch of exploded illusions. These reflections are called into being by a study of the methods Mr. Harry Lawson is adopting to woo Mile End. In common parlance there, he is described as "The Turncoat," but he visits every voter personally and asks for support. An amusing story is going the rounds that his bluff methods have, on one occasion at least, drawn forth an equally bluff expression of opinion. "Mr. Smith," he said, entering the shop of a certain tradesman "allow me to introduce myself to you—I am Harry Lawson." (This is the would-be Member's usual formula.) "Oh, are you," replied the elector. "I want to ask you," continued Mr. Lawson, "to tell me if you are going to support me at the polls?" "No," said the elector slowly, "I am not." "Why not?" "Because," retorted the baited tradesman, "it's you Jews what brought on the war and caused the distress in these districts in consequence. I am turnin' over less than 'alf the money I used to, and it's you what is responsible. Now, sir, if you want to buy anything I'll serve you. If you don't, then clear out of my shop." The Hon. Harry Lawson, is, as all know, the son of Lord Burnham, and is one of the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*. His real patronymic is Levy, but he has embraced the faith of the Church of England as well as choosing a new name. He was once a supporter of the Liberal Party, but found his opinions rather clashed with the whole-hearted Jingoism of the *Daily Telegraph*, a journal of which he is naturally very proud, and as the *Daily Telegraph* kept to its views Mr. Lawson changed his.

The Archduchess Maria Immaculata

The subject of our frontispiece, the Archduchess Maria Immaculata, is the second daughter of the Archduke Leopold Salvator, of the Tuscan House of Austria. Her mother was Princess Blanche of Castille, a daughter of Don Carlos, the celebrated pretender to the Spanish throne. Her grandmother was also a member of the Bourbon family, and she is, therefore, closely related to the husband of the late Princess of the Asturias.

The Adventures of Mr. Harris

Mr. Harris, the enterprising correspondent of the *Times*, whose life is so full of adventure, has just had to evacuate his house, after an attack by the brigand followers of his old enemy, the rebel chief, Raisuli. Mr. Harris's capture by Raisuli about eighteen months ago will be recalled. For many months he was confined in a mud hut, under a burning sun, on a sandy desert hill, about twenty miles from Tangier. He was closely guarded day and night by relays of his brigand captors, whose presence inside the one small room made the stifling heat all but insupportable. From day to day his chief anxiety was that he would

The Perils of a "Times" Correspondent

be mutilated or killed before the receipt of the ransom demanded for his release. Mr. Harris's knowledge of the language of the tribe (a species of Arabic) accentuated the anguish of his position, the most awful projects as to his imminent disposal being freely discussed in his presence, in order to drive home the necessity for prompt and ample ransom. Mr. Harris's house is situated on the sea-shore, at a distance rather under three miles from Tangier. The photograph below shows a band of holiday-making Arabs proceeding in that direction along the sands. At about a third of the way a small torrent from the adjacent hills flows into the sea; it is sometimes so flooded as to be impassable for several days, and would-be visitors to farther points on that side of the coast have always to reckon with the state of the tide in order to reach their destination.

Photo by *Cavilla*

Mr. Harris (on the left) and his rescuer, Mulai Ahmed, Shereef of Wazan

Mr. Harris, the well-known correspondent of the *Times* in Morocco, was recently, through the instrumentality of His Highness Mulai Ahmed, exchanged for sixteen Moors

Away from all Rush and Hurry

Very interesting it is to the ever-hurried European to watch the impassive waiting of a native group, people, horses, mules, alike seeming to sleep erect on each side of the stream (except for the rapid flashes of their eagle eyes), motionless as figures in a dream. Though the house is at present occupied by the Sultan's troops, under the orders of the Basha, or Governor of Tangier, it is naturally a very anxious time for the owner of it, who has for years been employing workmen from Spain to direct the Moorish decorators to make perfect imitations in the entrance, audience chamber, and other rooms, of some of the most elaborate and beautiful of the painted mural plaster work from the Alhambra at Granada. His great dread is that stray shots or carelessness on the part of the troops may damage the all but completed work of years.

A Daily Dip in the Thames

It is doubtful if the little band of cold-water enthusiasts who bathe in the Serpentine every morning gain many recruits. The average man reads of their hardihood with a shudder, and turns to warmer and brighter things, while the bathers, undismayed by the apathy of the public, continue to practise their own doctrines. Mrs. Humphery, however, the lady whose daily dip in the Thames has given a new fillip to the possibilities of life in a houseboat, has all the spirit of a proselytiser. Having adopted, with

A band of native holiday-makers proceeding along the beach in the direction of Mr. Harris's house, near Tangier

Life on a Houseboat in Midwinter

successful results, an heroic remedy for the dread disease of neuritis, she is anxious to take afflicted mortals along the path that leads to the river—and a cure. Mrs. Humphery sends us an interesting and exciting account of her life on the houseboat *Myosotis*. Having spoken of the agonies she suffered from neuritis in her arm, she proceeds: "I think the doctors had a most disappointing and trying case in me, and did not agree with my going to live on a houseboat on the Thames. However, my own doctor gave permission, and off I went to Laleham at once, where my boat was moored. I began my own treatment the same day as I arrived by bathing twice in the river—the relief was marvellous. Of course, some people said that the limb was only numbed, but after keeping up my bathing every day, putting my arm into the stream continually, and keeping it there as long as I could bear it, I found that the pain had all gone. Of course, the arm was very shrunken and the hand almost deformed, but this was only a matter of time and swimming, which I practised twice a day till the June floods of last year, when it was quite dangerous, as well as almost impossible, to swim in such a torrent as came rushing down the Laleham Reach, sweeping everything before it—dead horses, sheep, cows—and even tearing boats and punts from their moorings. The strain for those four weeks was very great. The houseboat next to mine broke from her moorings, but luckily got jammed between two trees; while three other boats sank. The ferrying across was quite dangerous, and for five days the tradespeople could not get anywhere near us. Everyone said I was running a great risk in staying on board, but I was truly glad I did, as one night she might have come to grief very much if no one had been there. From the photos, one can see where and how the boat was moored under the trees, and as the water rose and overflowed its banks, so did we. The *Myosotis* is a large boat, and thoroughly comfortable, and that is really why I am able to live on her through the winter. I have lived on her ever since last April, and intend to stay the year round. I have brought her up to Staines, where she is snugly moored by Tims's boathouse."

Photo by *Hills and Saunders*

Mrs. Mabel Humphery

Who is spending the winter in the houseboat *Myosotis* seen below. Mrs. Humphery goes for a swim every morning, and claims to have cured herself of neuritis, from which she has been a great sufferer

All the year round on a houseboat: The "Myosotis" during the floods

"At the Sign of the Times"

The Happy Season

Whether we wish it or no, the opening of the New Year is, as a rule, comparatively happy. For one thing, it represents the period which philosophers have declared to be most conducive to real happiness, that, namely, of recovering from previous pain or depression—caused in this case by overdoing it in one way and another at Christmas. Most people have overdone Christmas—and we have no hesitation in admitting it, now that we are safe for a year—either by writing articles about it or by reading them.

Good Resolutions

Another reason for feeling happy is that we have just been making good resolutions—subconsciously or otherwise. Politicians have, we trust, been resolving, not to say "comment is needless," about something which they know well they intend to comment upon for the next hour; journalists have decided not to mention Mr. Chamberlain's name more than once every four lines—whether in praise or blame. And there is nothing so satisfactory as the making of good resolutions, unless it be—as cynics maintain—the breaking of them.

Unpleasant Details

Furthermore, the New Year morning newspaper usually presents us with a *résumé* of the past year's events, which encourages us to complacency rather than to dismal reflection. Unpleasant statistical details—such as the number of railway accidents, burglaries, fires, futile appeals to the Postmaster-General, political harangues extending over two hours, Army reforms, and rotten company promotions—are slurred over; actual accomplishments are emphasised. Thus we realise, for example, that Parliament has got through a good deal of work, and forget that it has also got through a vast amount of idling.

The Curse of Prosperity

As a matter of fact, looking back on the past year should not be as painful a business to Englishmen as looking back sometimes is. If we may believe the Blue-books,

CORRECTED PROVERBS—No. IV.

"EMPLOYMENT BRINGS (NO) ENJOYMENT"

which, with their limited circulation, are seldom tempted to tell a lie, the year was, at any rate, a very prosperous one. Various industries, over whose ashes Mr. Chamberlain had begun to drop a tear, re-arose like the Phœnix, and flew up before the tear could fall. Still, prosperity is not everything. A country's prosperity—it is almost needless to remark—does not necessarily mean a country's happiness. Still less necessarily does it mean the happiness of (alas, for good resolutions!) Mr. Chamberlain. And, whatever political opinions we may hold, we are—most of us—agreed in wishing Mr. Chamberlain happy. It makes life so much simpler for so many of us.

Poems and Turkeys

A poet writes to us: "If any sign is required of the material spirit which rules this nation, it is shown by the sympathy offered to salesmen whose turkeys were not sold by Christmas in consequence of the fog! How much sympathy has been extended to writers whose Christmas cards were not sold in consequence of the mental fog? I place the number of those writers at 50,000." Very likely.

A Homely Picture

Belated Christmas information continues to reach us. To a ladies' paper we are indebted for the knowledge that in the German Imperial family all the Christmas gifts were of a practical and homely nature. The precise meaning of these words in this context we cannot guarantee, but trust they include a knitted waistcoat for the Kaiser, and a case of oranges, and a tobacco-pouch, marked Wilhelm—in green silk. It is pleasant to be able to think that the young Princes will go warmly shod this cold winter, and have a box of tools to work with on wet days, and a nice book for Sundays, and, perhaps, a map of China to study during the long evenings. It is very pleasant, and we are grateful to our informant for bringing this homely little picture before us. Left to ourselves, we might have fancied the Imperial family giving one another crowns and tiaras, and such things.

The Real Difficulty

"A prominent veterinary surgeon has admitted," says a contemporary, "that the motor is spoiling the temper of high-spirited and well-bred horses." If that were all, motorists would not so much mind. The thing they are compunctious about is spoiling the temper of the horses' high-spirited and sometimes ill-bred owners.

Another Reform

Some people are short-tempered. It seems that one thing and another—perhaps the strain of being perpetually Reformed, willy nilly—has induced a noticeable shortness of temper in the Army, for commanding officers have received orders to look out for this failing in their subordinates, and warn them that, if persisted in, it will be a bar to future promotion. Lady novelists should make a note of this, as hitherto it has been rather the fashion to make elderly officers of fiction somewhat impetuous and sharp of speech. "Dear me!" the Colonel of the future will have to be represented as saying, genially, to the tipsy sentry, "dear me, my good fellow, I fear you have imbibed more freely than I could recommend. I must really ask you, however, to let me pass." Generals will not even be allowed to say "Bother!"

A Versicle of Gratitude

Others preach longer sermons
—not a few
Have written books with learning more replete;
But here's a man, has ventured something new—
We thank you, Bishop, for your Balance-sheet.

A Political Wolf?

Free-traders are beginning to suspect that the Cumberland wolf, which at the time of going to press is still at large, was let loose on the countryside by the Tariff Reform League with a view to emphasise the decline in sheep-farming. As, however, no arrangement has yet been made for an address by Mr. Chamberlain to be given in Cumberland, the suspicion is probably unfounded.

A New Year Toast—and Water

[*Host loquitur*]

"Here's a health to the New Year in bumpers of port!"
[*Soliloq.*] *(I wish it were nothing but porter)*
"We'll drink it good luck to the end of a quart."
(It's just at the end of a quarter)
"We have drunk it already, I think, in champagne,"
(A very real pain to my pocket)
"Then drink it, no heel-taps, all over again!"
(A gain! why it broke me to stock it)
"You must keep the decanter in proper request:
"Don't wait till I ask you the question.
"Let glasses run over" *(That's meant as a jest,*
And certainly not a suggestion)
"We will keep up the revel in old-fashioned state,"
(With proper regard to our stations)
"We've all got some time-honoured yarns to relate."
(And [looking round] bless me! some
threadbare relations)
"To your host, for the very best wishes, you must
give credit." *(The tender that passes*
'Twixt him and his vintner) "Here's *Yule*-Tide!" *(I trust*
that I shall tide over it) "Glasses!"

[*Solvitur absorbendo.*]

A Curious Report

Who would be President of an Ice Trust? This is the first thought suggested by the preliminary reports from New York of the Morse-Dodge affair. The facts, if true, are simple. Mrs. Dodge, divorced from Mr. Dodge, marries Mr. Morse, who, in the responsible capacity of President of the Ice Trust, has let in certain members of Tammany—in their own opinion, at any rate. Then begins revenge. Mr. Dodge—according to the report—conspires with the Ice Trust victims to annul his previous divorce, and succeeds by false statements. Suspicion, however, falls upon him, and he flies to Mexico. Being brought back, he inculpates the Tammanyites, who are straightway indicted. It is a simple sensational story, and, of course, the defence of the Tammanyites will be that they thought Mr. Morse was up to all sorts of Dodges.

"Le jour de l'an" in Paris

LITTLE BOULEVARDIERS TRAMP THE STREETS OF TOYLAND

"Roast chestnuts"

The latest Paris fashion

The latest toy on the Boulevards

La Noel

The mechanical toys which contest the pavements with pedestrians

A pain d'epice and gaufrette stall

Along the Boulevards

FROM ABROAD.

The Golden Fleece of Australia

Recent reports from Australia give convincing evidence that the cycle of years of drought has terminated, and the country is again embarked on a period of recovery and prosperity. The opening years of the new century saw the whole Empire, and the woollen workers of Yorkshire in particular, interested and concerned spectators of the great Southern Dependency held powerless in the grip of King Drought. Those who had the melancholy privilege of passing through the pastoral areas in the various States, and in particular New South Wales, during the 1901-2 season, would scarcely credit what they would see at the present time in the same places. Practically the whole of the division of the State to the west of the Great Dividing Range was parched and grassless, and the rivers merely chains of pools or dry sand-beds. The sheep that could not be moved to the well-watered coastal districts were dead and dying in all directions. Only in a few cases had it been found practicable to irrigate and grow "feed" for the smaller flocks, and in still rarer instances were the landowners able to hand-feed their sheep, owing to the famine prices of fodder. Some of the wealthier ones were known to have expended over £100,000 in keeping their sheep alive for a couple of months. Of course, there was some small compensation in the greatly increased price of meat, but there was none at all for those without capital whose sheep had grown too poor to travel to market.

Rain the Bountiful

As if with a magician's wand all this is changed now. Bountiful rains have fallen all over Australia during two succeeding seasons. The country is covered with a strong growth of grass, which will, in large measure, resist the terrible midsummer heat to which it is now being subjected. The season of 1904-5 being but the second since the break-up of the drought, the recovery of the flocks cannot yet be looked for. It must be remembered that the drought caused the number of sheep in the Commonwealth to drop from 106,419,751 in 1891 to 54,005,276 in 1902. In the same period, New South Wales flocks fell from 61,831,416 to 26,649,424, but during 1903 the numbers recovered to 27,711,411. The complete lambing returns for 1904 are not yet available, but it is confidently expected the thirty-million limit will have been reached. In normal times the whole of Australia exports about 540,000,000 lbs. of wool annually, chiefly to London, and she supplies about 70 per cent. of the total quantity absorbed by the manufactories of the United Kingdom. The value of this amount of staple is over £20,000,000. New South Wales produces about half of this total, and it is worth placing on record that since 1860 the wool clip has brought to that State alone the enormous sum of £266,000,000. This is quite double the aggregate value of all the gold, silver, coal, and other minerals, produced in the same time in New South Wales.

A Sure Sign of Australian Prosperity: A well-filled wool sale-room at Sydney

THE SOURCE OF AUSTRALIA'S PROSPERITY: SHEEP FARMING IN NEW SOUTH WALES

In normal times, such as Australia is now enjoying after the rains of the last two seasons, the aggregate export of wool to London amounts to 540,000,000 lbs., which is valued at £20,000,000 sterling

The Fastest Train in Europe

The "Sud" Express

The fastest long-distance train in Europe is the "Sud" express, of the Orléans and Midi Companies. The "Sud" express is the *train de luxe* to Biarritz, Pau, Madrid, and Lisbon, but the express journey must be reckoned only as between Paris and Bayonne, a distance of 486¼ miles, performed in 9 hours 28 minutes. Thus the speed, inclusive of stops, equals 51·3 miles per hour; speed, exclusive of stops, equals 53·9 miles per hour. The "Sud" express makes no claim to express speed south of Bayonne, as the remaining distance to the Spanish frontier is mostly single track and very steeply graded. The "Sud" express is a luxuriously appointed train, made up of a couple of bogie saloon cars, a bogie restaurant car, and two six-wheeled *fourgons*, all belonging to the International Sleeping Car Company. Between the Orléans Company's new terminus on the Quai d'Orsay and their old terminus on the Quai d'Austerlitz the train is drawn by an electric locomotive. Between Paris (Quai d'Austerlitz) and Bordeaux the engine power is furnished by a succession of the Orléans Company's fine four-cylinder compounds. At Bordeaux the Midi Company take over the working of the train, and "horse" it to the Spanish frontier with one of their leviathan four-cylinder compounds, developing 1,200 h.-p., the largest and most powerful locomotives in France. The Spanish railways are constructed with a gauge of 5 feet 6 inches; consequently, the French train cannot run farther than Irun, and the Spanish locomotive which works the train from Irun to Madrid, a distance of 392 miles, performed in 15¼ hours, is a weird, misshapen-looking machine compared with the splendid French engines. The Lisbon passengers branch off at Medina. The French working of the "Sud" express gives a faster long-distance train than any we have in Great Britain. Indeed, there is only one faster long-distance train in the world, namely, the "Empire State" express, which runs from New York to Buffalo, 439·6 miles, in 8 hours 15 minutes, inclusive speed 53·2 miles per hour.

H. G. Archer.

The French "Sud" Express stopping at Dax

The 455¼ miles between Paris and Dax is run at a speed of over fifty miles per hour. The engine on this train is a four-cylinder compound, developing 1,200 horse-power

The Spanish "Sud" Express from Madrid entering Irun

Photos by] **Engine of the Spanish "Sud" Express** *[Archer*

The weird-looking Spanish locomotives perform the journey from the Spanish frontier to Madrid (392 miles) in the very slow time of 15¼ hours. In Spain, however, this is considered express speed

New Year's Day in the West Indies

DRAWN BY JAMES DURDEN

AN ANIMATED SCENE IN THE STREETS OF ANTIGUA

The natives of Antigua make New Year's Day a day of rejoicing and the occasion for much horseplay and merriment. They parade the streets dressed in weird garments. Some of the men array themselves in women's clothes, and caper and dance about to the beating of tom-toms, mingled with the discordant strains of other native instruments

CONCERNING MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE

(NO. 57 OF THE SERIES)

The great difference between Scotsmen and Irishmen is that Irishmen never come back from the United States, and Scotsmen sometimes do. Mr. Andrew Carnegie is of the homing breed. He left Scotland at the age of eleven; but the only address he cares to give nowadays is Skibo Castle, Sutherlandshire, N.B. It is something of a novelty, in these times, for a Scottish laird to have been born nearer to Scottish soil than the port of Hamburg. Many of the chieftains nowadays communicate with their gillies through an interpreter, and few of them can pronounce the names of their own estates. And Mr. Carnegie himself is so far in the fashion as to be the possessor of an American-made fortune, and to blend a generous proportion of the accent of Pittsburg, Pa., with that of his native Dunfermline.

Jupiter descended upon the fair prisoner of the brazen tower in the form of a shower of gold. Britannia, less coy than the Greek maiden, has been delighted to receive Mr. Carnegie in the form of a shower of free libraries—for he does not believe in showers of gold. In fact, he has a very poor opinion of money; and as he has seen a good deal of it in his time, his view is entitled to respect. Character, he thinks, is what people want; not money. His own millions are merely accidents, traceable to the fact that one cannot build up one's character in the United States without building up a monstrous accumulation of dollars at the same time. Mr. Carnegie is reckoned to have amassed them at the average rate of about one million for every year of his existence: and he has just passed his sixty-seventh birthday. Well, just think of it!

As regards libraries, he may be said to have them in the blood. His father and grandfather were among the founders of the Moodie Street Library, in Dunfermline, which consisted of twenty volumes, the entire literary possessions of a number of earnest young Scots, who had no money wherewith to buy more. An official of the library has left it on record that, when the library changed it quarters once, "a coal bucket and a weaver's apron held the whole concern."

There is food for thought in the fact, derived from the Moodie Street annals, that at an early period of the library's existence the books most in demand were these: "Watt's Logic," "Watt's Improvement of the Mind," "Campbell on Miracles," "Beatty on Truth," and "The Gospel Its Own Witness," by one Fowler. One may feel curious as to how this compares with the statistics of the great library which Mr. Carnegie has presented to his native town.

About two years ago it was given out on very good authority that Mr. Carnegie had, at that time, spent close upon forty-six millions of pounds out of his own inexhaustible pocket in gifts connected with libraries and education—and this was before the Carnegie Trust for the Scottish Universities. Of that amount, forty-two-and-a-half millions were spent in the country where they were made. Scotland had two-and-a-half. The rest was divided among England, Ireland, Canada and Cuba.

And yet people have the idea that Mr. Carnegie has spent quite a lot on this side of the ocean. They do not understand that the two-and-a-half millions given to Scotland in a quarter of a century is but a single year's income, leaving Mr. Carnegie's mountain of capital untouched.

He began his American career with the one great qualification for millionairehood: an entirely empty pocket. He ended it with the biggest manufacturing business in the world, with his own town, his own fleet of ships, his own railway and rolling stock.

He receives and answers 200 letters every day about libraries alone. He believes in American democracy, and laughs at the idea of this country—"caste-ridden," he calls us—ever leading the world again, now Uncle Sam is in the saddle. He invites suggestions as to how he is to get rid of his money. He loves golf, fishing, Shakespeare, and the human race. But you cannot get round him. It has often been tried.

DIES FAUSTUS

To-day my love is true to me,
She may be fickle, fondly gay,
Yet harps in air sing merrily
To-day.

Some vow for ever and for aye,
And some regret consumedly
Bonds that they'd rather not defray.

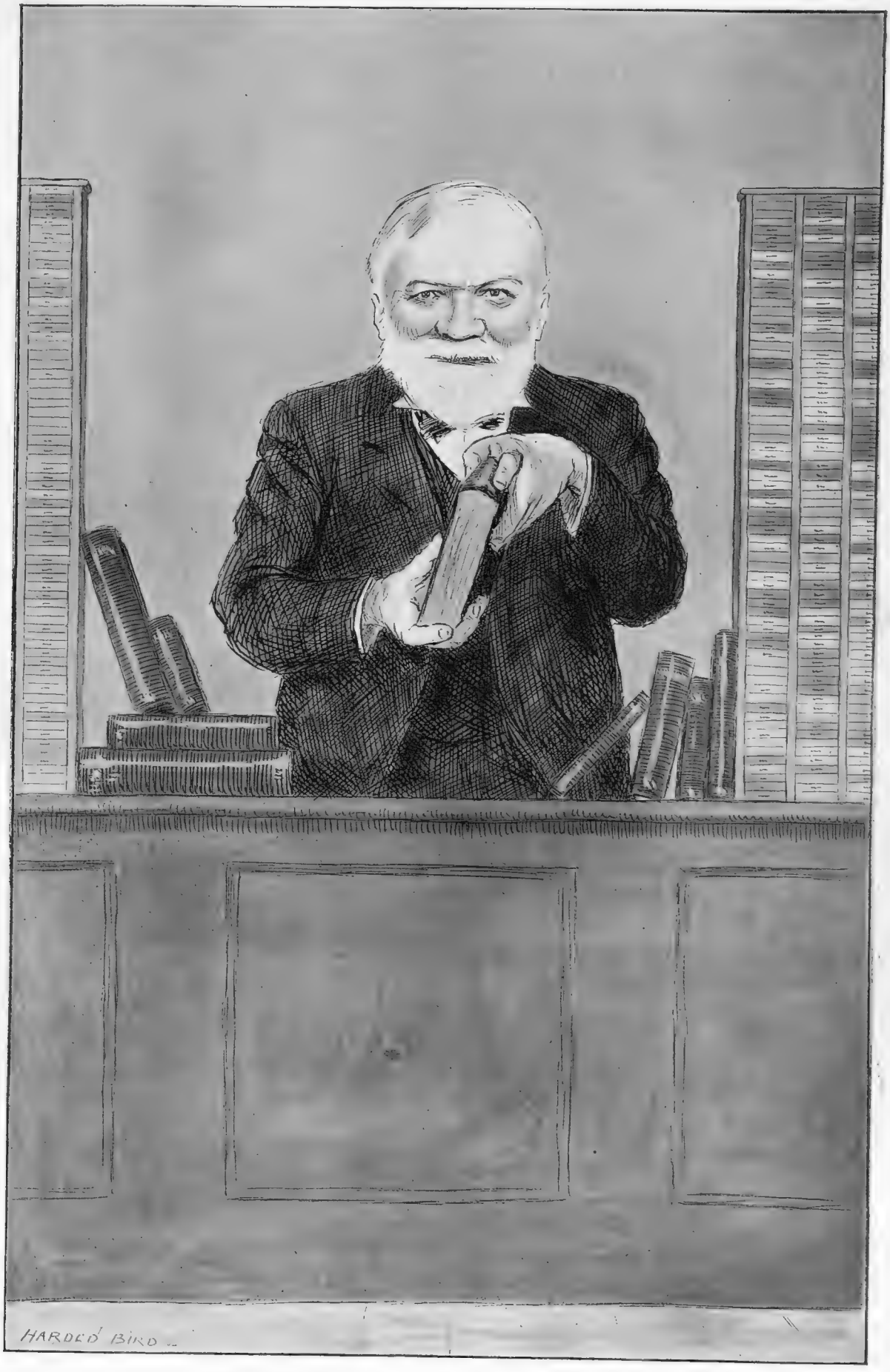
We've learnt of love's philosophy,
We loiter down the primrose way,
And clasp that jewel of mystery
To-day.

"To-morrow," Love, I hear you say,
The cadence is a-kin to sorrow,
So let us cunning-wise delay
To-morrow.

At home, abroad, and to and fro,
We'll gather roses while we may,
And snatch a joy, or high or low.

From dancing faun, from gamesome fay,
We'll many kinds of magic borrow,
And bribe, once more, with faery pay
To-morrow.

E. M.



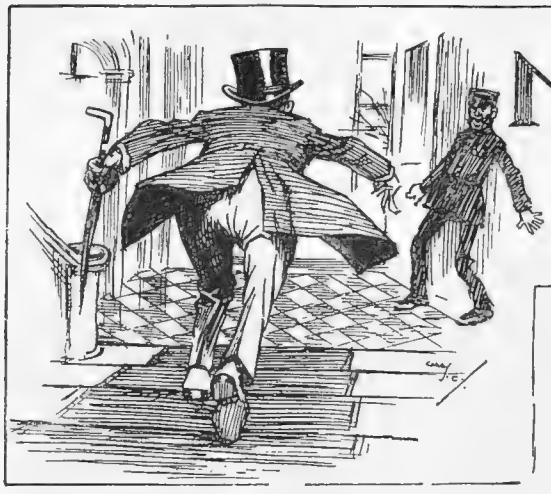
The Librarian of the Universe—Mr. Carnegie

A Play of the Moment

DRAWN BY LANCE THACKERAY

"THE FREEDOM OF SUZANNE"

OUR SHORT STORY



MR. OKUMI'S CLOT.

BY E. CLERIHEW.

Mr. Okumi caused some excitement by running violently down two flights of stairs

THE short and simple affair of Mr. Okumi is, perhaps, worth describing at a time when the Japanese have so thoroughly taken hold of the people's imagination. Some eminent persons at the Foreign Office will be exceedingly annoyed at the matter being made known, for it has been among the most carefully guarded secrets of that Department. But I cannot help that.

However, we need not reveal when it happened, or mention any names but Mr. Okumi's. It will be enough to say that the thing occurred before the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War, but at a time when the state of affairs in the Far East, and especially the position of Japan, were causing some anxiety to the European Powers.

First of all, let me say something about the hero of the incident, with whom I was privileged to enjoy a certain intimacy at one time.

Mr. Okumi came of the noblest stock of Japan. He worshipped his ancestors from a sense of duty; but almost anyone would have worshipped them who knew their history, so rich and so distinguished had they been. When at home, Mr. Okumi observed this ceremony at the proper times along with his relatives, whom he would summon by telephone to assist him in the exercise. When travelling in Europe, he carried the cenotaphs of his forefathers, which were of a conveniently portable size, in a leather hat-box, upon which were stamped certain characters. These were understood among foreigners to be the Japanese spelling of his name—which, by the way, was Hirobumi Chinzuro Hoshi Okumi. What they really signified was this: "May he come to an end worse than may wholesomely be imagined, and thereafter sit eternally upon innumerable hot thorns, who affects in any undesirable way the amiable relations subsisting between Hoshi Okumi and the glorious ones, his ancestors."

Mr. Okumi spoke Chinese, French, English, German, and Russian. When he read anything but papers and magazines, which was seldom, it was English literature, and his favourite author was Sir A. Conan Doyle, of whose prose works and early poems he had projected a Japanese translation.

He was now thirty-four, and unmarried. He was five feet high, and immensely strong. He was perfect in all the peculiar athletic exercises of his country, and could box, fence, ride, row, cycle, and use all firearms with marvellous skill. He was, in a Japanese sense, very handsome; but English women thought his appearance amusing. He was entirely without fear, and had never been seen since childhood in a state of embarrassment.

He was, at the time of which I speak, planning a comprehensive book on "The Decay of Europe," and had come to London, in which city he was thoroughly at home, in order to freshen his ideas on the subject. He took rooms at a great hotel, and went about daily observing the life of the city.

One day a hansom knocked him down. His head sustained a severe blow; but after a few hours he felt no pain. For three days he went about as usual. On the night of the third he went to bed with a slight headache.

. . . . .

On the following morning Mr. Okumi rose late. He felt, we may suppose, singularly happy, for a number of people staying in the hotel made serious complaints of the noise he made singing Japanese songs while dressing. About noon he issued from his rooms, splendidly attired in the extreme of London fashion, and caused some excitement by running violently down two flights of stairs, and bolting into the street as hard as he could run. Here he began to go more slowly, and proceeded, at a smart walk, in the direction of the Japanese Ambassador's house.

Outside the house a carriage was waiting, which Mr. Okumi, perhaps, recognised as that of the Ambassador. At any rate, what he did was to approach it stealthily from behind, and look into it. Perceiving it to be empty, he opened the door and stepped in, saying to the driver in an authoritative voice, "The Foreign Office." The driver, who had been dozing in the sun, immediately sat up and drove away.

Arrived at the Foreign Office, Mr. Okumi told the bewildered driver to wait, and, before any reply could be made, entered the building. He desired that the Minister's private secretary should be informed that Marquis Oko sought an interview with the Minister on business of the gravest importance. The private secretary had never heard of Marquis Oko, nor had

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"Well, then!" said Mr. Okumi, "DANCE!"

the Minister The secretary saw Mr. Okumi, and vainly attempted to draw from him the nature of his business. Mr. Okumi was portentous, and vowed he could open the matter only to the Minister in a private interview.

. . . . .

"Pray take a chair, Marquis," said the Minister, a precise gentleman of winning address. Mr. Okumi sat down, then instantly jumped up again. With infinite tenderness he recited to Lord —— a Japanese verse, which need not be given here, but which may be translated as follows:

> Behold, in a cup shaped like a heart,
> I offer you the wine of honourable affection.

Lord —— looked puzzled. "You wanted to see me——" he began.

Mr. Okumi interrupted him by bowing rapidly and repeatedly. "These," thought Lord —— "must be the manners of the old school of Japan. Yet he looks Europeanised enough."

Mr. Okumi suddenly stopped bowing. He drew a folded paper from his pocket (it happened to be a letter from his London bankers), and laid it on the table in front of the Minister.

As Lord —— bent over the document, Mr. Okumi swiftly and silently seized a paper-weight of glass, about the size of a duck's egg, and placed it in the middle of his large silk handkerchief, which he then immediately twisted into a rope with the paper-weight in the centre. This was the work of a few seconds; and it was just completed when Lord —— looked up from the paper before him with a mystified expression, and said, "I . . ."

The instant his mouth opened, Mr. Okumi, with the spring of a tiger, popped in the paper-weight, and flung him back in his chair. Then, with one knee in the Minister's abdomen, he proceeded to tie the handkerchief tightly round his head. Lord —— was gagged effectively. Moreover, in the grip of Mr. Okumi, he could not stir. When he attempted to struggle he found his arms seized in such a way that any movement caused him acute anguish.

"Sit still," said Mr. Okumi, in a fierce voice, and with a hideous contraction of his face. "Otherwise you die." The Minister sat still. He realised at last Mr. Okumi's condition of mind. He was very pale.

Mr. Okumi picked up the Minister's walking stick from where it lay on a small table. It was a stout malacca cane.

"With this stick," said he, with a deep inclination to Lord ——, "I can expertly kill you at a blow in six different ways. With this stick, too, I can break any one of your limbs at a blow, or blind you. Do you see?"

Lord —— nodded.

"Well, then!" said Mr. Okumi, "DANCE!"

. . . . .

When the private secretary put his head in at the door two minutes later he gave a shout of alarm.

Lord —— stopped dancing, and fell into a chair; but Mr. Okumi did not rise from the sofa, where, with legs comfortably crossed, he had been toying with the stick and watching the performance. He turned to the private secretary with an amiable smile, and laid the stick aside.

"This," he observed, "is my idea of an international incident."

They kept it as quiet as they could, of course; but it took half-a-dozen people to hold Mr. Okumi when they removed him, and the facts, as you see, leaked out.

The curious thing was that the clot of blood which was pressing on Mr. Okumi's brain yielded to treatment almost immediately; so that in a few days he was himself again. He never knew what happened in the Foreign Office.

E. Clerihew.

Artist: "I am glad you like your wife's portrait"

Patron: "Zo much zo, zat I shall haf von life-size equestrian von of mineself painted"

Miss Mary Fraser

Who has been understudying her sister, Miss Agnes Fraser, in the *Earl and the Girl*, and is now taking the leading part on tour

Photo by *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Margaret Irby

Who is a daughter of Colonel Howard Irby, and is an excellent musician, being especially fond of the guitar

Photo by *Thomson*

The Herring Harvest of the North Sea

Though the Dogger Bank and North Sea Fisheries have occupied so important a part in recent political matters, the real commercial extent of the industry is little known. Had affairs settled themselves less amicably, however, a serious loss to the trade would have resulted, and one of Britain's largest home productions decreased in consequence. No less a sum than £10,000,000 annually is brought into the country from her Fisheries, and 40,000 men employed upon the seas, while more than double that number are engaged in the work on shore.

One of the great centres of fish commerce is Great Yarmouth, which for years has occupied a historic reputation for her wealth of herrings. As far back as the reign of Edward III. we read of a special law regulating her trade, called the Herring Statute, which forbade the sale of any fish at sea, or, to quote the old phraseology, "until the ship's cable touched dry land." Later, as the industry increased, a notable civic function was held annually, called "The Herring Fair," which began on Michaelmas Day, and lasted for a month or more, to which such important City functionaries as bailiffs, sergeants, town clerks, and aldermen, came in state from neighbouring towns to do honour to the prosperity of Yarmouth. Since those days the trade has increased enormously, and the civic dignitaries of old times would not recognise the "Quay" now, with its thousands of barrels, steam cranes, and special trolley lines. It is, indeed, chiefly owing to steam and the facilities of railway carriage that the industry has doubled and redoubled in extent, so that the London and North Western Railway and the Great Eastern Railway have found it worth their while to run special fish-sorting trains, while the latter Company have in consideration a plan for the enlargement of their dock at Lowestoft. To give some idea of the growing use of steam, it may be worth noting that at that port in 1901 there were only thirty-five steam drifters, whereas in 1903 there were one hundred and six.

The Yarmouth fish is distinguishable from all others caught off English coasts; in fact every fishery has its own distinct peculiarity, probably due to the saltness of the water and climatic changes. The Great North Sea has always been the most prolific in fish, and a source of large revenue to the country, but it is worth remembering that this may not always be so; sometimes (and it is a bitter truth to fishing ports) the fisheries change their locality entirely, and the whole body of fish will migrate to "fresh woods and pastures new." But, at present, Great Yarmouth is king of the herring industry, the real season of which runs from September

The Quay at Yarmouth, with the steam drifters engaged in the herring fishery lying alongside

The curiously shaped double baskets seen in this illustration are called "lasts." During the season just closed, herrings enough to fill some 38,700 of these lasts have been caught, cleaned, and sent away from Yarmouth

Gathering the Harvest of the Sea: Cleaning the nets

During the Yarmouth herring season, from 650 to 700 Scotch boats from Aberdeen and other northern ports come down to help gather in the harvest. With them come the Scotch women, to whom the process of cleaning the fish belongs almost exclusively

Scottish fisherwomen cleaning and "gutting" herrings on the Quay at Yarmouth

The Scotchwoman is rather a picturesque figure in her short, dark skirt, coarse shawl, and remarkably thick boots, standing before a rough trough filled with myriads o silver fish, which she cleans and "guts" as easily as she knits

to December; at this time the Scotch boats, numbering as many as 652, visit her shore, hailing from Aberdeen, and other Northern Scottish ports, and fill the East Coast town with their quaint accent and rough and homely persons. The Scotch women and girls who always accompany the fleet are quite interesting visitors; the process of cleaning or "gutting" belongs to them almost exclusively. There is no "gutter" in the world like a Scotchwoman, whose skill and rapidity in cleaning and disembowelling these immense quantities of fish is nothing short of marvellous. She is rather a picturesque figure in her short, dark skirt, coarse shawl, and remarkably thick boots, standing before a rough trough filled with myriads of silver fish, which she cleans and "guts" as easily as she knits; for when the Scotch girl is not "gutting" she is invariably occupied with a worsted stocking, which grows under her deft fingers with amazing rapidity.

Industrious Scottish fishwives knitting while taking a "constitutional" along the Quay at Yarmouth
When the Scotchwoman is not "gutting" or cleaning fish, she is always occupied with a worsted stocking, which grows under her deft fingers with amazing rapidity

The Yarmouth fisher-folk are not all engaged in catching; many are employed on shore in various ways, some of them as "tellers," whose work it is to count the fish before they are passed on for packing. The curiously shaped double baskets, as seen in the photos, are called lasts, and are very largely used for carrying purposes. 38,700 lasts have been filled this season in four months.

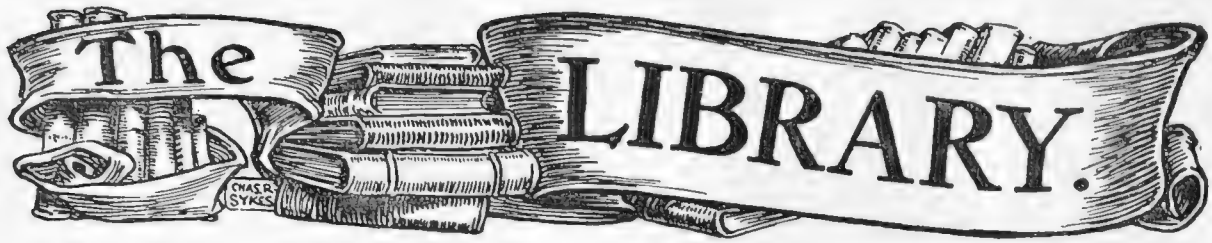
The scene after a good catch is full of business and precision; indeed, no regiment does things more by rule than these hardy fishermen, and there is very little time wasted between landing the fish and despatching them to London or the Continent. 114,500 barrels were shipped to Northern European ports and Italy in one month alone, for the foreigner is a very good friend to the British fisherman, and he could ill dispense with him. Traders from Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, and Russia, come over to Yarmouth to transact their business.

But in spite of the large catches and output lately, prices have been low, and only quite recently have shown a tendency to rise. At the present time there is a scheme on foot, at Lowestoft, to enlarge the herring basin, and the work has already commenced, in which the railways are taking considerable interest, for besides being the carriers they are also the landlords of the various harbours. Much trade is hampered and lost by the present overcrowded state of the docks, and especially so at Lowestoft. In fact, ten times the accommodation is required for the vessels to put in and unlade their fish.

The herring himself, who is the cause of all this labour, can only be reckoned by millions; his very name is derived from the German word "Heer," and signifies the multitude in which he swims the seas, occasioning that exquisite light upon its surface known as "The Herring Light." He rarely moves alone, but follows his vast company wherever it chooses to go in shoals, which very frequently are five or six miles in length and three or four in breadth. Yet, in spite of the fact that more than half this number fall a victim to sea-birds and other fish, he shows no signs of a decreasing birth-rate, but visits our coasts with as great an army as ever.

THE FARMER'S TENDER SUBJECT

FACETIOUS STRANGER (*on dull morning*): Lovely day, isn't it?
IRRITABLE FARMER: Look here, young man, you mind your business and I'll mind *mine*



Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Japan, the Place and the People." By G. Waldo Browne. With an Introduction by the Japanese Minister to the United States. (Sampson Low : 16*s.* net.)

"The History of Yachting, 1600-1815." By A. H. Clark. (Putnam : 21*s.* net.)

"My Devon Year." By Eden Phillpotts. (Methuen : 6*s.*)

"Life's Lesser Moods." By C. Lewis Hind. (A. and C. Black : 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

NEW NOVELS

"Ronald Lindsay." By May Wynne. (John Long : 6*s.*)

"The King's Scarlet." By Horace Wyndham. (Brown, Langham and Co. : 6*s.*)

"Gwen ; An Idyll of the Canyon." By Ralph Connor. (Hodder and Stoughton : 3*s.* 6*d.*)

The Latest Books

Georges
By Alexandre Dumas
Translated by Alfred Allinson
(Methuen and Co. : 2s.)

Messrs. Methuen and Co. deserve all credit from the lovers of romance for their excellent series of translations of the novels of Alexandre Dumas. Dumas, sometimes alone, sometimes in collaboration, wrote an enormous number of novels. His output was extraordinary, and has probably never been equalled. It has certainly never been equalled by any writer with a tithe of his genius. In one year alone he published not only "Monte Christo" and "The Three Musketeers," perhaps his two most famous works, each of them longer than any novel by Dickens or Thackeray, but four other stories of average length besides ; and this wonderful output was continued through a long course of years. Hitherto, only the best known of Dumas' novels have been translated into English, and although much of his work did not rise above mediocrity, there remains a great deal that is entirely unknown in this country, at all events to such as cannot read it in its original language. The attractive and wonderfully cheap edition that Messrs. Methuen are now producing deserves to be popular. There is no romancer who possesses quite the qualities of Dumas. His imagination is so fertile, his humour and high spirits so delightful, and his inventiveness never-failing. He has been copied by hundreds, and is being copied to-day, especially in England, by authors, some of whom have attained a great reputation, but not one of whom comes anywhere near the master in the qualities of his genius.

Out of half-a-dozen volumes from this edition we select *Georges* for special notice. As far as we are aware, this is the first translation of this admirable novel to be published. At any rate, it will be quite unknown to the majority of our readers. And yet it has special interest for Englishmen, for it tells of the taking of the island of Mauritius by the English, and some of its characters are English, and very characteristically English, too. The hero is a rich young half-caste, Georges Munier, of noble bearing and indomitable courage, the sort of romantic hero, indeed, whom Dumas loved to draw. After a distinguished career in Europe, he goes back to the Isle of France, a handsome young man, who has lived on equal terms with the great men of the earth, to find himself heartily despised by the French colonists for his "dash of the tar brush." Then follow exciting adventures, ending in a revolt of the slaves, which Munier leads, his capture, condemnation, and escape from the very jaws of death. The story is thrilling from beginning to end, and so, no doubt, are others of the series, equally unknown to all but a very few English readers. Mr. Allinson's translations are excellent, and the get up of the volumes could hardly be improved. They are printed in clear type, not too small, on good paper, and well bound in red cloth with gold lettering. It is a series that ought to be on the shelves of all lovers of good fiction.

Gwen : An Idyll of the Canyon
By Ralph Connor
(Hodder and Stoughton : 3s. 6d.)

This is a charming little tale, dedicated "To All who Question the *Why* of Human Pain." The author, it must be confessed, does not go very deeply into the eternal question that lies behind the grim fact of human pain, nor does he answer it in any but a rather superficial manner, but he is very successful in his picture of the high-spirited child, full

of life and the love of life and of all things wild and beautiful, brought from her state of fierce rebellion against the fate that has made her a cripple to a quiet acceptance of what has befallen her. The "Sky-Pilot" who works her cure is a fine figure, and so is the child herself, and Mr. Connor writes of both of them with a tenderness that never sinks into sentimentality.

My Devon Year
By Eden Phillpotts
(Methuen: 6s.)

Mr. Eden Phillpotts has made the beautiful Devonshire country his own, and writes of it with never-failing charm. Of the kind of prose poetry in which love and intimate knowledge of the secrets of nature find their best expression, it would be difficult to imagine anything better than these finely expressed meditations, in which the author pours out all his keen delight in the pageantry of the seasons as they unrol themselves before the eyes of the nature lover. "I press not to Nature," he writes, "in hope to find anything beyond it; because for me the secret of the day and the magic of the night alike hold no revelations and no truths that lie outside the confines of the natural order." And so the poet, for poet Mr. Phillpotts truly is, is content to transcribe for us the pure delight he feels in the simple facts of the beautiful world of nature that lies around him year in and year out, and succeeds as only those can who love those beauties for their own sake, and gain joy and solace from them.

Life's Lesser Moods
By C. Lewis Hind
(A. and C. Black: 3s. 6d. net)

Mr. Lewis Hind deals, not with the secrets which inanimate nature has to unfold, but with the life of the thronging world of thought and movement that exists where many men are gathered together. Each of his little essays contains threaded gems of thought, and there is not one that cannot be read without a feeling of something like mental excitement, so invariably does he hit the mark, and so bright and true are his ideas. It would be impossible to give any notion of the fascination of these papers without quoting copiously from them. We can only advise our readers to buy and read them for themselves.

An Illustrated Guide to the Buildings of Eton College
By R. A. Austen-Leigh
(Spottiswoode and Co.: 1s. net)

All Etonians, past and present, will welcome this admirable little book, which is so much more than a mere guide-book. Mr. Austen-Leigh, who bears a name familiar to many generations of Eton boys, has enriched his pages with copious quotations from all sources, and has given them an interest which is quite unique. It is seldom possible to read a guide-book with any pleasure away from the scenes it describes, but that is certainly possible in this case, owing to the care with which Mr. Leigh has done his work.

Books to Appear Shortly

No one can deny that Mrs. Craigie has the courage of her convictions. Her new play, *The Flute of Pan*, which met with such an ungracious reception at the Shaftesbury that the first night saw Miss Olga Nethersole reduced to tears, is to be issued in the form of a novel in the new year by Mr. Fisher Unwin, who published Mrs. Craigie's first book, "Some Emotions and a Moral," in 1891. The play, it will be remembered, only ran for a fortnight, despite Miss Olga Nethersole's boast that it had two hundred thousand friends—sufficient, that is to say, to fill the Shaftesbury for six months—and it will be interesting to see how it is received in its new form.

Mr. Fergus Hume is trying his hand at a smart Society novel, entitled *Lady Jim of Curzon Street*, which Mr. Werner Laurie will publish during the coming season. It is rather a far cry from murder mysteries to the boudoirs of Curzon Street, but Mr. Hume has at least as many qualifications for the task as the majority of Society novelists. One remembers the story of Ouida, who once sat next to a certain nobleman at dinner. The conversation flagged, and the nobleman, apologising, asked if she could suggest a topic that would interest her. "Yes," said Ouida—so the story goes—"tell me about the duchesses, for though I have written about them all my life I have never met one yet." The Lady Jim of Mr. Hume's tale is the handsome but unscrupulous wife of the second son of the Duke of Pentland—the black sheep of the family. The book tells of Lady Jim's inhuman compact with her husband, and her machinations to ensure the success of her plot, and how at last her ways recoil on her own head.

Among the spring biographies is a book on *William Bodham Donne and his Friends*, which Messrs. Methuen are to publish. Donne was more interesting on account of his friends and relations than on his own account, though he was an excellent scholar, held the positions of Licenser of Plays and Librarian at the London Library, and had the refusal of the editorship of the *Edinburgh Review*. Some of his great friendships were made at the Grammar School of Bury St. Edmunds, where James Spedding, "Omar" Fitzgerald, and John Mitchell Kemble, the Anglo-Saxon scholar, were his schoolfellows. Among Donne's other friends were George Borrow, H. Crabb Robinson, and Bernard Barton, the Quaker Poet—a selection from whose letters, throwing fresh light upon the personality of Edward Fitzgerald, will form a feature of the forthcoming volume. Letters are also included from Fitzgerald himself; also from Mrs. Kemble, and others.

The Marchesa Vitelleschi, who was the Hon. Amy Cockrane-Baillie before her marriage, and who has already given us one historical work on the House of Stuarts, entitled "A Court in Exile," has written a further volume which bears indirectly on the fate of the later members of the same luckless House. This will show the Stuart connection with the House of Savoy, being mainly concerned with the story of Victor Amadeus and his Consort, who was a grand-daughter of Charles I. Her mother was the beautiful Henrietta, Charles's youngest daughter, who was married to Louis XIV.'s only brother, Philip, Duke of Orleans, in 1661, and of whom it has been written that "of all the love he had borne her, there soon remained nothing but jealousy." It was Henrietta who coaxed Charles II. into signing the secret treaty of Dover, and whose mysterious death took place only a fortnight after her return to France. Her descendants came next to the exiled Stuarts in representation of the Royal house as heir-of-line, and it was her daughter, Anne-Mary, who married Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy and King of Sardinia. One of their descendants is still put forward by the "Legitimist Jacobites" as the "rightful representative of the Royal House in these realms." The new history is coming from Messrs. Hutchinson.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

Is Criticism "Creative"?

Just now I am reading with great interest Mr. James Douglas's book about Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, of which I shall have something to say next week. Meanwhile, I am tempted to a note on the frequency with which Mr. Douglas distinguishes between criticism and creative work. It is scarcely a matter of surprise that criticism in this country should be at so low an ebb, when we find even the critics themselves circulating that baleful theory which implies for the critic, good and bad, a lower place than your tuppenny-ha'penny novelist, because, forsooth, the latter is engaged upon "creative" work. I have heard novelists of the most contemptible attainments blandly disparaging literary critics, in every sense their superiors, with this theory for reason. Whether or not it be accounted to me for heresy, I will venture to say that so great a critic as Mr. Watts-Dunton, had he never published "Aylwin," or "The Coming of Love," would still have been entitled to rank among the chief writers of our time. The best of criticism is "creative"; all good criticism is "creative." For if all literature is the criticism of life, so is the criticism of literature, which implies in the critic the exercise of faculties of observation similar to, but applied differently from, the faculties of the novelist. A reasonable retort to those who are prone to belittle criticism would be to point to the considerable mass of criticism which exists among our English classics, and to ask how it came there if it were not creative work!

Photo by *Russell*

Mr. George Manville Fenn

The well-known novelist and writer of books for boys, who celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday yesterday (January 3)

Criticism in France and England

The unhappy craze for "specialising," which has been so long characteristic of English letters, and is, in my opinion, of commercial origin, accounts for a good deal of the confusion about the relative value of criticism. How very few of our leading authors are ever tempted into criticism, while nearly all the great literary artists of France, where criticism has flourished, have been also great critics. With us, when a novelist catches the public fancy by writing about some hole or corner of the country, he must needs stick to his hole or corner long after he has dredged it of all the interest it contained. Mr. Barrie might have given us much admirable criticism; Mr. Hall Caine, even, has shown himself no mean critic; above all, Mr. George Meredith could have achieved glorious things in criticism; but Mudie's young ladies asked for novels, and authors of every sort see that they get them. In France, where the critic has always signed his work, and has been adequately paid for it (two important conditions), we find eminent writers discussing with perfect candour the art of their contemporaries. I have in my library a series of French critical monographs in which some of the contributors also figure as subjects. A similar series on English authors, with Mr. Anthony Hope writing on Mr. Hall Caine, and Miss Marie Corelli writing on Mrs. Humphry Ward, is unthinkable! Simply because the literary sense is seldom fully developed in English writers. Criticism involves self-criticism, and, cultivating the former, French authors possess the latter, hence the superiority of contemporary French literature in all matters of craftsmanship.

"Smart Slaters"

Mr. Watts-Dunton, I am interested to notice, is at one with the late Bishop of London, who, from his recently published letters, it would seem, never reviewed a book unless he could honestly praise it. "I never will take a book for review unless I can say something in its favour, and a good deal in its favour," says Mr. Watts-Dunton. This, from one who is indubitably our foremost living critic, may be commended to the attention of those misguided reviewers who think that "smart slating" is evidence of their ability. I fear that, in my unregenerate youth, I, too, have done some smart slating, and found it easy to do; but I am persuaded that the critic who looks for the good that is in books—even in books of the day—will have much to occupy his time, for, though there is a lack of commanding figures in English letters just now, the general level of attainment is higher than it has been at any time since the wondrous days of Elizabeth. No damning criticism, let me add, is half so deadly as silence.

Mr. George Manville Fenn

If you had seen, a few nights ago, the erect, spare figure of Mr. George Manville Fenn, ruddy of face, his straggling beard and hair tinged only with grey, as he spoke to a gathering of literary men, you would hardly have expected that to-day (Tuesday) we may wish him many happy returns on his seventy-fourth birthday. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has said that the septuagenarian author is as rare as a white-lead worker who has reached the allotted span. We have Meredith still with us, though no longer active, at seventy-six; Sir Theodore Martin, who has always been an amateur of letters, is eighty-six; Dr. Russel Wallace will be eighty-two on the eighth of this month, and it is just a year since he gave us one of his most important works, "Man's Place in the Universe"; but Sir Arthur is right, and Mr. Fenn is almost entitled to be regarded as the *doyen* of living authors who are still producing. This season has seen at least two new books from his pen. Although first favourite with boy-readers, unlike his old friend, the late G. A. Henty, he has never exclusively devoted himself to the writing of juvenile books, a score or two of novels being included in his remarkable total of some hundred and fifty volumes.

A Varied Career

Moreover, Mr. Fenn has lived a singularly varied life in journalism, having been a regular contributor to *Chambers's* in the old days, and to Dickens's *All the Year Round*, while he edited *Cassell's Magazine* for some years, and was both editor and proprietor of *Once a Week*. No living journalist can have had a more "strenuous" life, and yet here he is still active and happy, marching erect into the seventies. The secret? If he were asked, I fancy he would mention his hobbies, of which the chief is gardening. Astronomy has also been a favourite pastime with him, and he has been always an enthusiastic bookman, his fine old residence at Syon Lodge, Isleworth, sheltering a splendid collection. Syon Lodge, by the way, was the ladies' school mentioned in Marryat's "Japhet in Search of a Father," and on the windows of Mr. Fenn's study are scratched the names of a bygone generation of schoolgirls. Mr. Fenn has also several plays to his credit, one of them being entitled, *Land Ahead*, in connection with which there is an interesting anecdote to tell. On one occasion, Mr. Fenn was introduced to Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, who remarked that he had met him before, and when Mr. Fenn failed to remember the occasion, Mr. Jerome explained: "It was when you were rehearsing *Land Ahead*, and I was playing a very small part in it."

Mr. F. A. McKenzie
War Correspondent of the *Daily Mail* in Manchuria, who is now engaged in writing his experiences

The Modern "Special"

While Mr. Manville Fenn is an excellent representative of the old school of journalist and *littérateur*, Mr. F. A. McKenzie stands for all that is essentially modern. You meet him in Fleet Street at noon to-day, to-morrow you hear he is off to America, or Japan, at a few hours' notice. The life of the special correspondent is, perhaps, the most varied existence any man can experience. He awakens every morning with delightful uncertainty as to whether he will be sleeping in his own bed at night or trying to slumber in the cabin of a steamship, or in the sleeping-car of a Continental express. He must be ever ready "to go anywhere and to do anything" on behalf of his newspaper. The qualities required of him are ceaseless energy, ability to grasp all the essential facts of a new subject while the average man is wondering what it is, and to express what he has seen and heard in clear but picturesque language.

Mr. McKenzie

As the correspondent of the *Daily Mail* with the First Japanese Army, Mr. McKenzie has shown himself capable of admirable work in the field, although when he left England in the summer of 1903 it was to serve his paper by writing of the social and industrial conditions of the Australian Colonies, and with no expectation that he would return after following the Japanese through Corea into Manchuria. My readers may remember the alarmist report sent home by Mr. Bennet Burleigh as to Mr. McKenzie having had his legs broken by a fall from his mule; but, happily for him, it was his mount and not himself that had the broken legs. Mr. McKenzie is now back in town, busy on the narrative of his adventures, which will be published in the spring. He is a Scottish-Canadian, and has been engaged in London journalism for just ten years. At one time he was assistant-editor of the *Echo*, and then for three years his work appeared chiefly in the *Daily News* and in our leading magazines. Since 1900 he has been attached to the *Daily Mail*, where he has written on all sorts of subjects. His best known book, so far, has been "The American Invaders," that interesting work wherein he set forth in so striking a fashion the commercial achievements of the Americans in our home markets.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

THE PROFESSIONALS OF 1904

Jack White

In accordance with my promise last week, I resume consideration of the players who distinguished themselves during the past year. Pride of place must naturally be given to Jack White, the Open Champion, who reached the summit of a golfer's ambition by taking the first place in the Open Championship at Sandwich. White thoroughly deserved his win, as he played excellent and improving golf from start to finish, ending up with a brilliant round of 69. His total score of 296 marks a long advance on any previous record in the Championship. Since then White has been more or less laid on the shelf, as the strain of the Championship told so severely on him that he had to take a holiday from golf (pardon the paradoxical expression, fellow enthusiasts), and was unable to do himself justice in the few competitions in which he ventured to take part afterwards. Let us hope that the New Year will find him thoroughly restored to health, and prepared to defend his title with all his brilliant golfing faculties at their best.

James Braid and J. H. Taylor

Ranking next to White, come James Braid and J. H. Taylor. Both these players are ex-champions, and have performed many remarkable feats during their career. But I question whether anything they have done will be reckoned higher by golf historians than their determined effort to wrest the laurels of victory from White's grasp. In the final result, they tied for second place, with a score of 297. Both only just failed to hole a long putt on the last green to tie with White. Of the two, possibly Taylor deserves the higher praise for his extraordinary final round of 68! In any case, each of them showed that in every department of the game, as well as in nerve and pluck, their eminence as players was higher than ever. Since then Taylor has added another leaf to his chaplet by winning the *News of the World* Tournament on the Mid-Surrey links in October.

A. H. Toogood and the Vardons

That competition was remarkable for the excellent performance of A. H. Toogood, who played brilliantly throughout, and whose only failure was his first round in the final, during which he lost so much ground that even his magnificent play in the afternoon could only delay ultimate defeat. His display at Richmond, however, shows that he is quite *capax imperii*, and I shall watch with interest his performance at St. Andrews next summer. As was only to be expected, both the Vardons showed up well at Sandwich. After the first day it looked as if Harry was about to repeat his former triumphs. He seemed thoroughly restored to health, and quite his old self. It may be, however, that the third day found some joints in his harness still a little weak, and it may be hoped that his present visit to Mundsey Sanatorium will completely wipe out any lingering traces of weakness, and restore him to us this year in all the perfection of his former years. I have seen most of the great players during the last twenty-five years, but none of them, in my opinion, reached the level of Harry Vardon at his best. There is, in him, such a wonderful combination of ease, power, resource, and accuracy; such a quick decision as to his stroke, and such a perfect temperament for the game, that one has to go outside golf for a comparison and, liken him to John Roberts at billiards. His brother, Tom, disappointed a good many expectations at Sandwich, but a great many players would be only too glad to have done what he did in coming in fifth. Still, he was on his own links, and had been playing so magnificently during the previous months. He is a most brilliant player to watch, and has a most attractive personality. Whether he will ever rival the achievements of his great brother is a question too difficult for me to answer. He has my very best wishes for success in his endeavours.

J. Sherlock and R. Thomson

Of the younger players, the two who did best were undoubtedly J. Sherlock and R. Thomson. The former was the first to return a very low score, and so set a standard showing others what could be done in the shape of phenomenal scoring, while Thomson, with a 75 and 76 for his first two scores, showed the stuff that is in him. I saw something of Thomson's play, and was very much struck by his quiet and unflurried methods. Both Sherlock and he will go far before many years have passed over our heads.

A. Kirkaldy, B. Sayers and Willie Park

Those old favourites "Andry," "Ben," and "Wullie" kept the flag of the old brigade flying in splendid fashion, and proved conclusively that they are still forces to be reckoned with. As for the rest, their number is too great for me to take them in detail. But is not their record written in the pages of golfing history, where he who runs may read, of their many and varied performances. And so I leave the subject of professional play in 1904 with the final verdict, in which all will, I believe, concur, that for splendour of attainment it outrivalled that of all preceding years. Next week I hope to deal with the amateurs.

Ernest Lehmann

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Edited by the Hon. L. J. BATHURST

The Southdown

Though, as regards antiquity, the history of the Southdown Foxhounds is not to be compared with that of many inferior packs, the Hunt has, ever since its establishment as a separate entity in 1843, flourished exceedingly, and wonderful sport has been the rule. In old days, the East Sussex used to hunt an enormous tract of country, and though the Southdown territory proper represents only a portion of the original domain, it was deemed advisable still further to reduce the boundaries as recently as 1891, when the Eastbourne Hunt was started. Even now the Hunt's limits are by no means narrow, and since the mange has been all but extirpated, with a fine show of foxes as the result, the statutory three days a week barely suffice to draw all the coverts regularly. It is a country of many contrasts; on the downs, hounds will drive along at such a pace that a racehorse, with no fences to baulk his fleetness, cannot live with them, while a sharp turn down the front hills may land one in woodlands of many acres, and once in the low ground the banks and ditches call for a really clever hunter. On the hills there are numerous gorse coverts, from which hounds are bound to get a good start after their fox.

The Executive

Mr. R. W. McKergow, the Master, is now in his second season of control, and the zeal with which he entered on his duties was at once acknowledged to ensure success. A candidate for Mastership of a country cannot but be diffident when called upon to follow a predecessor to whose credit stands a long and distinguished career, and this was eminently the case in the Southdown Hunt two years ago; for, though some minor changes had been effected, the Hon. Charles Brand had been virtually in command for upwards of twenty years. Mr. McKergow, however, has more than justified the general opinion that was formed as to his eligibility, and the support which he has received is most encouraging. Ned Farmer, his huntsman, came to Sussex with a great reputation from the East Essex country, where, during his twelve seasons' service, a capital pack of hounds was built up. The Southdown bitches are themselves so famous that none but a first-rate hound man would be fit to take charge of them, and Farmer's credentials in this department are of the highest order. The kennels are at Ringmer, near Lewes, a very convenient centre, and forty couples of hounds are kept, the pack having been somewhat reduced in recent years.

The Southdown: The Master, Mr. R. W. McKergow (on foot), talking to Capt. Hennessy. The Huntsman, Ned Farmer, on horseback

On the road to a meet of the Southdown

The New Pack

Particulars to hand about the new pack of hounds which Mr. Ewbank, of Fulstow Hall, has organised in Lincolnshire, are rendered the more interesting by the partial reversion to the old trencher-fed methods which is contemplated. During the season the hounds will be kept in kennels, but many of the farmers have offered to take them in at summer quarters, and it is hoped that the whole pack will be accommodated in this way during the idle months. The country to be hunted by Mr. Ewbank is very open, and stick-heaps, of which there are already several in operation, are to take the place of coverts, where the latter are deficient. From the Fulstow stick-heap recently, hounds ran a fox for two hours before killing him in the open. The pack, with the exception of three and a half couples from Badminton and Quorn, consists of a draft from the Braes of Derwent, and doubtless the nose for which the northern pack is celebrated will be found valuable on the cold ploughs of Lincolnshire. The Masters of the Brocklesby and Southwold are doubtless grateful for the sporting enterprise of Mr. Ewbank and his supporters, for where no hounds exist it only follows that many wandering foxes are slain by unorthodox means.

Two Good Runs

In an average season it would, of course, be impossible to give more than a passing notice to the best runs of particular packs. But, in view of the lamentable lack of scent which has characterised the season so far, it may be excusable to select two days on which hounds have really run well, and foxes have made good points over superb lines of country. First must come that of the Warwickshire of December 15, when Ham Bridge, not far from Fenny Compton, was the fixture. The fox of the day went away from Ladbroke, past Watergall, to the Burton Hills, the time up to this point being just over twenty-five minutes without a check. The run then proceeded by Compton Verney to Combrook New Covert, where hounds killed their fox after one hour ten minutes in all, the point being nine miles. Two days later, the Duke of Beaufort's pack brought off a wonderful hunt, though the finish was less satisfactory. Hullavington was the appointment, and Bincombe the first draw, whence the bitches, hunted by Will Dale, ran by Seagry Wood, Dauntsey Park, and Brinkworth Station. Near here Lord Bathurst's country was entered, and never quitted for the rest of the run, which ended by

With the Southdown: Waiting to move off

THE SOUTHDOWN PACK AT COLD HARBOUR

the Swill Brook, near Somerford Keynes, the favourite coverts of Woodbridge, Stonehill Gorse, and Flisterage, having been passed *en route*. In all, hounds ran for two hours twenty minutes, made a ten-mile point, and were only assisted by their huntsman three times throughout.

Home Counties Notes

In spite of the ever-increasing restrictions as regards drawing coverts before Christmas, most of the packs in the home counties have been doing fairly well. It is gratifying to hear that Mr. George Evans is showing good sport in the Tickham country. In the adjoining East Kent country, everyone sympathised with the Master in his loss of some hounds by poison, but the Hunt is taking the matter up, and offering a handsome reward, so that one may hope for the malefactor's ultimate conviction. The members of the Old Surrey Hunt have been worthily expressing their thanks to Mr. John Loveys for seven seasons' good work as honorary secretary by presenting him with a handsome testimonial. From Hampshire comes news of much sport with the Hursley Hounds, with which Mr. Swindell is finding plenty of foxes. With most packs of foxhounds within hail of London on the north, scent has been moderate, but the Enfield Chase Staghounds have had several good things. Lord Rothschild's had a capital day recently from Berryfield Gate, running by Shipcot Hill to Winchendon and Chearsley, then over the hills by Brill to Dorton, where the end came. Taking the quality of country traversed into account, this must stand as one of the best runs enjoyed in the Vale of Aylesbury this season.

The Master of the Southdown: Mr. R. W. McKergow

Irish Notes

Sport has been somewhat unequally distributed in Ireland of late, for though certain packs have had some really fine runs, others have done very little. There is nothing very stirring to report from Meath to date, but the Kildare, who have also experienced several moderate days, had a great hunt from Johnstown Inn the other day, with a fox found at Kilteel. Kill, Arthurstown, and Bishopscourt, were some of the points touched in the course of a forty-seven minutes' gallop, which concluded by hounds marking their fox to ground. The Duhallow have not been too lucky in finding foxes, but hounds had a good day just before Christmas from Mount North, finding at Burton Wood, and running into their fox near Annagh Bridge, after hunting splendidly for one hour fifteen minutes. In Kilkenny, Mr. Langrishe has had some fine sport. On the Knockmoylan Bridge day, finding a travelling fox in a patch of furze, hounds first ran a wide circle to Killeen, whence they made a four-mile point by Harristown to Carricktriss, where there were fresh foxes, one of which led hounds back to Killeen before the Master gave up pursuit. In County Galway the Blazers have been going well, and Mr. Loraine Bell is showing excellent sport with his eastern pack. On the Ballinasloe day, finding at Fairfield, hounds killed near Somerset; time, thirty-two minutes without a check, and a five-and-a-half-mile point.

With the Southdown on a fine morning at the covert-side at West Wood

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

Marquis De Dion

The high-speed De Dion engine is a type—a pioneer. It stands second to none in efficiency, power, reputation, and workmanship. The firm of M. De Dion-Bouton, as producers of voiturettes and light cars, is world-famed, and I was glad, therefore, to have an opportunity of meeting Marquis De Dion at the Paris Motor Show. The Marquis not only good-humouredly answered a string of questions which I put to him, but presented me with his photo for publication in these columns.

The Universal Type

"All these makers," said the Marquis, as he glanced round at the forest of stands, "are converging slowly but surely to one universal type—they are all copying each other; their ideas are more or less the same; the result that they aim at is the same; and their methods of construction are the same. But the future is not to the high-powered car or to the very fast car. The public demand a lower-geared car, with moderately powerful engines—one that can climb hills quickly, that has power to tackle gradients." Defining a medium-powered engine, he instanced one of 16 h.-p. giving 20 h.-p. to 30 h.-p. on the brake. Its gear ratio remaining a low one, it would climb well. The chassis is getting longer, and is designed with a view to a comfortable body: "In fact, the tendency is to progress from sport, as exemplified in the high-speed open car, to utility, as typified by the covered-in landaulette type."

The Best Type of Frame

With regard to the comparative merits of brazed tubular frames *versus* stamped steel chassis, he gave it as his opinion that up to 10 h.-p., light steel tubes were, perhaps, preferable, but that for higher-powered vehicles stamped steel was best. Tubes are more flexible, but, when length is required, a stamped steel girder frame stands sudden stresses better. For heavy transport work, such as

Photo by *Topical Agency*

A detachable motor for the Moto-Godille boats

A 2½ h.-p. Buchet motor, fitted in a steel cradle, is attachable to the stern of any small boat. The mechanism not only propels but performs the functions of a rudder

lorries and omnibuses, a composite frame of steel and wood was, he thought, more suitable.

Cost of Production

With regard to my question as to why the public had to pay so much more in proportion for a four-cylinder car, he remarked that demand or public consumption really regulated the price; four-cylinder cars are not everyone's carriage. The popular car is the small car, and its very demand cheapens it still more. Popular demand does not allow makers to build four-cylinder cars in big series at present. Encourage the manufacturer to build in big series, and down will come the price. The price of production does come down each year a little, but not as much as it might if the type remained constant. The public look for a fresh type, they expect change; those fresh types and changes entail a large amount of special machinery each year, and the cost has to be spread over the number of cars produced in that year. That is one of the heaviest items in the cost of car building—the depreciation on the machinery that has to be ordered each year. Alter the type, and you have to alter the machinery.

The Comte de Dion

The famous motorist—and duellist

Prospects

Questioned as to the prospects of business for the New Year, the Marquis considered that they were good. There was undoubtedly more competition, but prices were about the same. Big houses with a name should make more profit this year, because the number of orders received enabled them to build cars in lots, in series. As to small-powered four-cylinder cars, of 8 h.-p. to 10 h.-p., he saw no reason for them. "What could be better, or cheaper," he said, "than a one-cylinder car up to 8 h.-p., two-cylinder up to 12 h.-p.; the expense and complication of a four-cylinder motor was only justified when you really wanted more than 12 h.-p." He concluded by remarking that the French Government encourage the industry by lending the Club that splendid building the Grand Palais for a merely nominal sum. Would that our Government could encourage our manufacturers in the same way.

The Moto-Godille

A little motor with a long name was one of the novelties of the Paris Salon. It has been designed by a French firm, the manufacturers of the well-known Buchet motor. Their idea is to provide an attachment whereby any small boat can be quickly and easily driven by power. A small Buchet motor of 2½ h.-p. is set in a steel frame, which is fixed to the stern of the boat. The power is transmitted by a light shaft encased in a tube to a screw propeller. Forward of the motor are the petrol and oil tanks, the battery and coil, and the controlling levers—the weight of these balance the weight of the shafting, and the driver can thus easily tilt the propeller in any direction. By moving it from side to side he can steer, while if he wishes to slow down, all he does is to lift the screw out the water. The angle at which the screw works is not particularly efficient, but the whole apparatus is so easily fixed and controlled that its very simplicity may create a demand.

A New Car and an Old Castle

This illustration shows Mr. M. P. Grace's latest motor-car, standing outside Battle Abbey, recently leased by the American millionaire from Sir Augustus Webster. The body-work of the car was constructed by the Lacre Motor-Car Company

A French Ballot

The allotment of the stands at the Paris Salon has given rise to much adverse criticism. All the big French firms secured the best places, English and German makers coming off second best. It appears that there were two ballots, the first for a certain number of the older French firms. These firms were favoured on account of the time that they had been in the industry, the number of exhibitions they had previously supported, and the number of competitions and races that they had been successful

in. This scheme is, to a certain extent, sound, but it certainly operated harshly in some cases—the Mercédes and Wolseley Companies, for instance, received positions quite out of proportion to their merits and importance.

Bodies

A very interesting competition has been initiated by M. Michelin, the well-known tyre manufacturer. The growing tendency of the coach-builder to fit luxurious bodies has one great drawback, viz., weight. The great increase in weight of the 1905 types of bodies is not calculated to benefit pneumatic tyres, and M. Michelin accordingly offers a prize of the value of 25,000 francs to the coach-builder who can provide the lightest body capable of seating six persons. The judges will require, of course, a certain degree of comfort and elegance, but they will chiefly allot marks for weight cutting. When one considers the pains that the makers and designers of the chassis take to secure lightness—reducing weight wherever they can—it really does seem a pity that ignorant coach-builders should spoil their work by fitting clumsy, heavy bodies, whose weight is far in excess of real requirements. As this competition is only open to French carriage-builders, there is an opening for some enterprising tyre-maker in this country to follow suit.

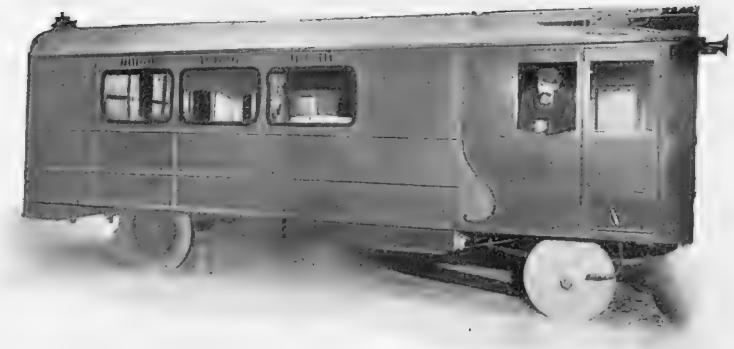


Photo by *Topical Agency*

A motor dwelling-house

This huge road car has just arrived in Paris from Bordeaux. It belongs to M. Secristo, and contains a kitchen, dining-room, bedroom, and machinery room. It is 10 metres long, and has wooden wheels

"THATS"

PLEASE NOTE—

That the Bombay trials are exciting a large amount of interest. The entries number thirty-eight.

* * *

That England is well represented by a Humberette, a Humber, a Speedwell, two Wolseleys, an Alldays, a New Orleans, two Lanchesters, two Thorneycrofts, and last, but not least, a 20 h.-p. Napier.

* * *

That Princess Christian is the latest Royal convert to motoring. The car is a 24 h.-p. four-cylinder Thorneycroft; the body is of the double landaulette type, by Messrs. Thrupp and Maberley.

* * *

That Mr. J. D. Siddeley is to drive a 12 h.-p. car on a 5,000 miles' Reliability Trial under the new club rules. He starts this week. Let us hope the weather will improve.

* * *

That a letter in the *Telegraph*, of December 14, suggests the formation of an anti-motoring association.

That if such a body does come into existence—it should be promptly joined by motorists themselves.

* * *

That the Japs are seldom far behind Kuropatkin—if he has found a use for the motor in warfare, so have they—several motor-lorries being employed by the "little men" in transport work at the Antung base.

* * *

That the demon fog may be good for the gas companies, but it hardly suits the consumers or retailers of petrol.

* * *

That bad roads and everlasting fog quite spoilt the motorist's Christmas holidays.

* * *

That in a mist, a horse-drawn vehicle beats the car—you cannot get down and lead a motor.

* * *

That as regards the twenty-mile limit, the fog fiend can give the police points, and that is the principal reason why this week there are no traps.

Alfred C. Hunter

Photo by *Topical Agency*

Interior of motor dwelling-house

The dining-table of this remarkable motor house will seat twenty persons, while there is sleeping room for two. The motor is a 20 h.-p., capable of twenty miles an hour. The bedroom can, of course, by a manipulation of the furniture, be turned into a drawing-room, with arm-chairs, sofas, etc.

Christmas Sport in the Alps

Christmastide in Grindelwald

Skating has been in full swing for the past three weeks in all the high Alpine centres, and nowhere has the ice been in better condition than at Grindelwald. The long spell of fine weather has made all sports most enjoyable, although a fall of snow will add much to the pleasure of ski-running and tobogganing. Herr Fritz Boss, popularly known as "Fritz" to all the English visitors, has taken his usual care in making the Bear rink, and the result does him infinite credit. "Fritz" is a keen sportsman; his edges are faultless, and his position is quite an object-lesson in the art of skating. Mr. Moysey, the pioneer of winter guests, is back again, and may

Photo by *Ward Muir*

The Schatzalp Café balcony, a favourite afternoon tea resort above Davos, commanding a glorious view

Curling in full swing at Grindelwald

be seen hard at it every day on his favourite curling pond. The influx of visitors for Christmas is greater than ever, and the season promises to be a brilliant one. Among the arrivals this week were Lady Maxwell, Lady Grant, Sir Alfred Cooper, Sir John Boncer, Mr. John Mooney, M.P., Mr. H. Houghton, Major Petrie, Colonel Grant, and Raghib Salahi Bey, the Turkish Minister at Berne, who is a great enthusiast at ski-ing. The perfect moonlight nights of Christmas week coaxed many from the creature comforts of the hotels, and the toboggan runs were scenes of the greatest fun and excitement. The Ski Club have fixed their annual meeting for January 8 and 9, and the Amusement Committee are busy arranging the various ice gymkhanas, ski and toboggan races, for the next few weeks. Hockey is as much to the fore as ever. The Bear team have played several practice games; the matches will take place early in the New Year. The first ice carnival is announced for next week, and the event is eagerly looked forward to. Indeed, the days are not half long enough for the amount of pleasure that has to be crowded into them, and one seems at Grindelwald to be in a perpetual hurry from morning to night.

Photos by *Ormiston Smith Bros.*

Hockey on the Bear rink, Grindelwald: "Corner!"

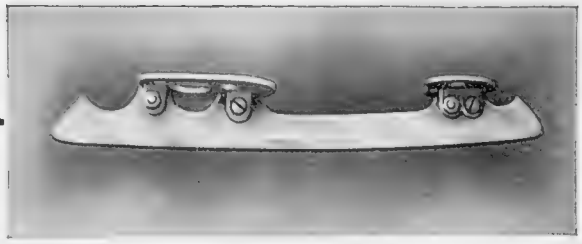
Photo by *Ormiston Smith Bros.*

Herr Fritz Boss, a popular figure at Grindelwald

It is largely due to the enterprise and perseverance of "Fritz" that Grindelwald holds its present position as a favourite winter resort. Fritz's edges and position are an object-lesson in the art of skating

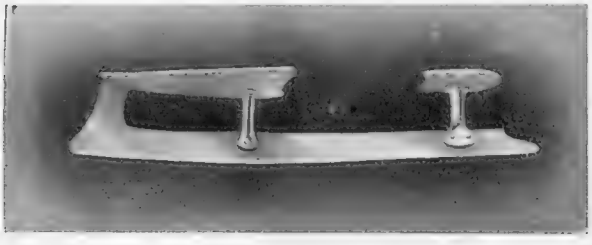
HOW TO CHOOSE A SKATE

HINTS ON SELECTION



The "Monier Williams" Skate, plated

Choosing a skate nowadays is very nearly as solemn and responsible a proceeding as choosing a bicycle. The wooden atrocity, whose heel-screw worked loose on the slightest provocation, and had, therefore, to be supplemented by a limitless series of bandage-like straps, is happily a thing of the past. Even the "Acme"—so alluringly simple to put on in the shop, so maddeningly apt to detach itself with even greater ease on the ice (leaving its owner hopping helplessly, pelican-wise, on one foot)—is quickly dying a natural death. The "Condor" pattern of

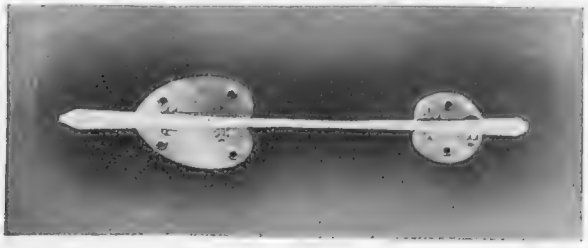


The "Davos" pattern

Designed for figure-skating in the Continental style

detachable skates, and the popular "Caledonian," both still linger; but even these are disappearing fast. And their place is being taken—as inevitably as the place of the old high bicycles was taken by the "safeties"—by what is universally known as the "Mount Charles" skate.

The "Mount Charles" is affixed permanently to the sole and heel of the boot by either eight or ten ordinary screws. The strain is thus spread over the whole foot, with the result that, small though the individual screws are, there is not the least chance of the skate loosening, as was inevitable when only one point of attachment was effective (as in the wooden skates), or two points (as in the "Caledonians"). No skater knows what real comfort is till he has used "Mount Charles" pattern skates. The "feel" of them is delightful, and as different from the "feel" of the old-style skates as the

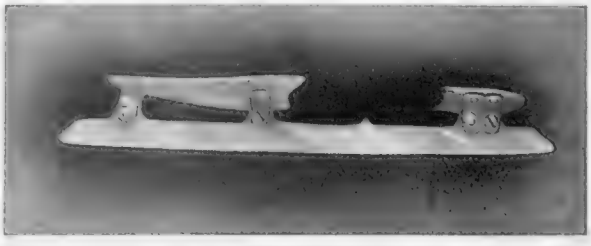


The ingenious "Dowler" blade

Designed for the beginner who is learning "eights" and "threes"

proverbial cheese from chalk. The sense of security which they convey undoubtedly affects their user's performances on the ice. It is impossible to attack, say, the problem of mastering the "rocking turn" when an inward voice whispers warningly that the skate may give way at the most exciting moment, and cause a broken leg. On a "Mount Charles" there are no such insidious alarms. Good tools do not necessarily make a good workman; but in the realm of skating they go a long way towards that laudable end. Bad ones, at any rate, prevent the workman from being anything but mediocre. I think it is quite safe to assert that during recent years there has not been a single National Skating Association first-class test passed on any skate which did not come within the genus "Mount Charles."

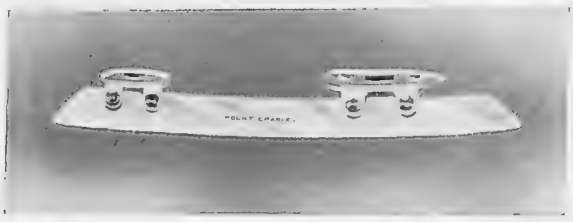
The generic title "Mount Charles" is applied, as has been said, to all skates which are fixed permanently to the boot with screws, and remain non-detachable during the season of their use. But just as there are dozens of different makes of cycles, though all conform to the same safety model, so there exist a large number of different makes of skates, though all are, broadly speaking, "Mount Charles." Each make, too, has its merits and de-merits, although



The "Grindelwald" figure skate

to the tyro these may not at the first blush be apparent. His principal aim, when on the ice, is to remain upright, and proceed at a more or less rapid rate in a more or less straight line. Seemingly, it is of slight consequence whether he is upon "Dowler" blades or "Monier Williams," or whether these are "high-mounted" or "low." Nevertheless, these points are of some real importance; and the variations in skate construction represent an amount of thought and discussion amongst experts which is astonishing and almost ridiculous to the mere layman.

The first thing which will strike the would-be purchaser of a pair of skates, who is looking through the catalogue of a famous manufacturer, such as Hill, in the Haymarket, or John Wilson, of Sheffield,



The "Mount Charles" plain-bladed skate

Suitable for all-round use, *except* Continental style figures

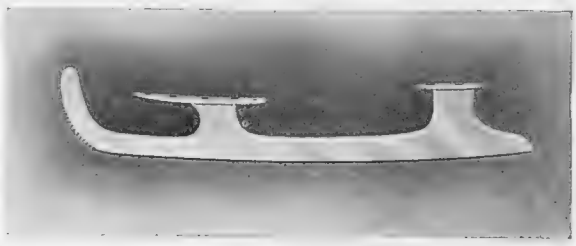
is that some of the cuts show skates which seem very low, and others which are very high. Recalling that his old "Acmes" belonged to the latter type, he probably takes it for granted that he should buy the high-model skates (*e. g.*, the "Davos" pattern). In this, I would venture to say, that he is ill-advised. The high skates—in some of which the boot sole is 2 to 2½ inches off the ice surface—are all very well for the advanced exponent of Continental figure work, who spends his days twirling "continuous loops" and "brackets" in a three-yard-square corner of the rink. But for the man whose loftiest ambition is to master the "outside edge," and perhaps a "three," the low skates are far more suitable. They are less fatiguing to the ankles, and, being usually "rocked" to a large radius, are easier for holding a long and only slightly-curved stroke. Unquestionably the best all-round investment for the beginner is a plain "Mount Charles" pattern skate. This he can get from Wilson for a sovereign. The blades should be ground to a right angle, which is the most satisfactory for general use. Acute-angled blades are recommended by a good many of the foreign champions, but this is because they are accustomed to cutting small figures on ice which is sometimes not very far off being as hard as granite. On the other hand, a few of our own leading skaters patronise, I believe, obtuse angled blades when skating on the comparatively buttery artificial ice at Prince's, or at the (alas! now defunct) Niagara. However, for English outdoor ice, and the everyday ice of such resorts as Grindelwald, a right-angled blade is ideal on ninety-nine days out of a hundred.

If Mr. Tyro can afford to spend a little more, he should get interchangeable blades: plain and "Dowlers." (Wilson's price for these is two guineas, and an uncommonly handsome two guineas'-worth they are.) The value of the "Dowlers" for learning the outside edge can hardly be over-estimated. It must be tried to be believed; for at first sight, I must say, it seems a trifle absurd to insist that the mere fact of slightly expanding the ends of skate blades, so that at the toe and heel they are fatter than in the middle, could really make so very much difference to comfort and ease. Such, however, is the case. The "Dowler" "theory" has now lasted long enough to have passed beyond the theory stage.

Let me try, in two or three words, to explain the principle on which the "Dowler" blade is built. Imagine yourself moving round on an edge—outside or inside, it does not matter which—on a "Dowler" blade. The further you lean over, the more of the blade touches the ice (owing to its curved expanded ends). What is the effect? Not, as might be expected, an increase of friction, and a consequent decrease of speed; but *exactly the opposite.* The friction is spread over a greater length of the blade, and is consequently *less.* Moreover, though the friction is less, and the impetus not so quickly used up, the grip on the ice is firmer. All of which, it will at once be confessed, are merits devoutly to be thankful for, if, perchance, one is trying to hold an inside backwards edge after making a "three" turn; or even endeavouring to master that most monotonous of preliminary accomplishments, the "eight"

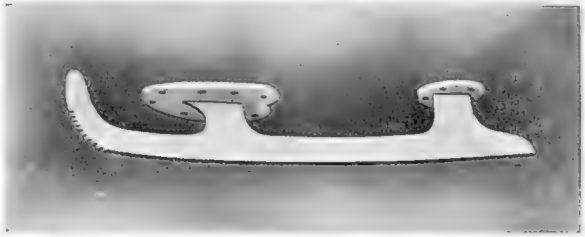
The "Dowler" is the blade for any would-be member of the National Skating Association. Later, when he has mastered the somewhat wooden style affected by the adherents of that most conservative of sporting bodies, he will doubtless wish to return (for various reasons, which need not be entered into here) to ordinary blades; and his alternative pair can be clamped into the position hitherto occupied by the "Dowlers"; and, to all intents and purposes, he will be starting fresh with new skates. Still later, when he has risen to "rockers" and "counter-rockers," and such-like feats of daring and skill, he will, no doubt, take up the less insular — if, perhaps, a little more theatrical — Continental fashion of figure-skating; and for this he will require high-mounted skates. To advise him now is needless; for he knows his own requirements better than the writer. Still, it may be worth while to draw the advanced skater's attention to an entirely new pattern of high-mounted blade which is being placed on the market this year by Wilson (Messrs. Marsden Brothers and Co., Portland Works, Sheffield). The toothed toe is designed to assist in running on the ice to get up speed, and should be extraordinarily effective when making the preliminary dash before taking a very large "Engel," "Spread-eagle," or jump. For fast work at bandy (and what bandy game is not fast?) it will also be of great value; and I am expecting to see it this season greatly in evidence on the Swiss rinks.

WARD MUIR.



An entirely novel skate

Particularly suitable for bandy players. Made by Wilson, of Sheffield



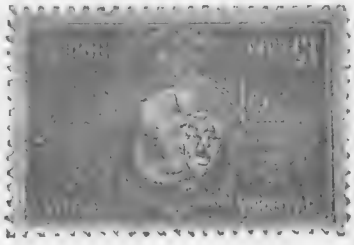
Another view of the skate for bandy players

Note the toe sharpened like a saw in order to enable the wearer to gain speed by running on the ice

A Grim Reminder OF THE Servian Tragedy

King Peter's new Coronation stamp as seen by the unobservant

The Late King Alexander



The new stamp, showing the portrait of the murdered King

All Belgrade is talking of the subtle vengeance wreaked upon the usurping King Peter by Queen Natalie, mother of the murdered King Alexander.

In order to commemorate the Coronation of King Peter, and, incidentally, to rejoice the hearts of philatelists, the Regicide Government decided to issue a series of large, decorative postage stamps. What more suitable, they asked, than to engrave beside the somewhat unexpressive features of the new King, those of his illustrious ancestor, Black George, the hero of Servia's emancipation from Moslem rule?

Unluckily for the new dynasty, Servians are bad engravers. The work of preparing the new plates was, therefore, entrusted to a Frenchman, M. Mouchon. M. Mouchon was secretly a friend of the exterminated dynasty; and, by skilful arrangement of the two faces, he introduced into the stamp—when turned upside down—the ghastly features of the murdered King Alexander.

The "death mask" of King Alexander may easily be seen if the stamp be reversed. It is formed by taking the profiles of Peter and his ancestor together. The nostrils of the two heads together form the eyes of the murdered monarch, the moustaches make the eyebrows, and the eyebrow and eye of Black George form King Alexander's nose and mouth.

Before the trick was discovered, thousands of the new stamps were issued to the public, and many hundreds sent abroad for sale to collectors. The more ignorant Servians refused to believe that the "death mask" had been purposely engraved, and persisted in regarding it as a "sign from heaven." The illiterate soldiers were particularly struck with the omen, and whispered among themselves that the new reign would be brief and bloody.

The Government acted promptly. They seized every one of the stamps that were on sale within the Kingdom. Hundreds of private individuals, however, have still got stamps in their possession. Desperate efforts are also being made to re-capture the stamps sent abroad; and Servian agents have been sent to France, Germany, and England with orders to buy them up at any cost.

AN APPRECIATION OF THE LATE REV. J. M. BACON

Ballooning in its scientific aspect has ever had but a very small and select following, yet there are very few people who have not heard the name of the Rev. J. M. Bacon, the well-known aeronaut, by whose death science has just lost an earnest and diligent worker. Although Mr. Bacon took Holy Orders, from the very first, science claimed him for her own, and he came to the front as the organiser and director of three important expeditions, sent out respectively in 1896, 1898, and 1900, to various parts of the world, to take observations of the solar eclipse. But ballooning was his favourite pursuit, and the one in which he made many original observations and discoveries. He was a frequent contributor to periodicals and magazines, and while his knowledge of the subjects he treated was profound, he always wrote of them in an interesting manner and from a popular standpoint. Personally, Mr. Bacon was one of the most frank and open-hearted of men. He had no secrets, and would impart, even to the casual enquirer, so long as his interest was genuine, data and facts which were only acquired by the aeronaut himself after months of patient study. Mr. Bacon's co-worker was his daughter, Miss Gertrude Bacon, who was her father's companion on many an adventurous journey through space, and who is perfectly equipped to make the best scientific use of the collected observations and experiences which formed the life work of her father.

The Late Rev. J. M. Bacon

THE "MOT" OF THE MOMENT

"Don't tork ter me abaht Bill 'Iggs. Look at 'im—'e don't smoke, 'e don't drink, 'e don't back 'orses—in fact 'e's everythink that's bloomin' *REACTIONARY*"

A Woman's Pocket Book

We are perpetually having the most unsatisfactory conclusions put upon our conduct. In the days when woman was—publicly speaking—a nonentity, she did not come into these conflicts; but since she has entered the arena, she must, so it seems, be prepared to fight on every side. This time it is not her public, but her private character which is disapproved. A writer in the *Daily Chronicle* tells us that women are usually influenced by other motives than love, in their marriages. They are, we gather, worldly, or, at any rate, severely practical and prudent in these things; but men always marry for love—"unless the wife has large means." We smile at the first part of this assertion, thinking we could easily disprove it; but, when we come to the end, we leave it as it stands, for, after all, it is not our sex exclusively which is censured. Surely, the writer is quarrelling with the motives of mankind in general.

No sooner is this attack upon us ended, than we are blamed for exactly the opposite qualities. It is too bewildering. A writer in a lady's paper, commenting upon the views I have already quoted, remarks:

> The modern woman, in spite of her increased independence, and her entry into the battle-ground of professional labour, is, I believe, quite as sentimental as her grandmother was before her. She cherishes the same ideals about love and marriage. She is, for all her show of strength, a weak, dependent creature, who, to attain what is, perhaps, rightly considered the highest point of woman's earthly fortunes, will gladly turn her back on any work, or any art, for the sake of a man's protection and a settled future.

It is difficult to decide whether this is praise or blame, or both intermingled, but I think we may fairly resent the appellation of "weak, dependent creatures."

Why is poor woman so perpetually discussed and abused? Why does she receive hostile criticism, not on one, or several, qualities, but on them all in turn? The truth is, woman has so *many* critics, not only "man" of every shade of opinion, but she is, besides, a traitor in her own camp; the severest judge of all upon her sex. This is lamentable; man will always stick up for man, and woman *ought* always to stick up for woman. It has been frequently declared that she is unaware of her weaknesses; it is much more certain that she is often unconscious of her strength—yet it is there, for all that.

The writer, having noted the "weakness and dependence" of our sex, goes on to another point, about which she makes a *statement*, not offering an opinion, good or bad:

> Do you know (she asks) any women who are artists as men are artists? I know clever women who write, and clever women who paint, and clever women who work for their living in a hundred different ways; but they are not writers, painters, or workers. They are always women.

I hope this statement is true. No work, surely, is spoilt by having an individuality put into it, even (making allowance for the cynics) a feminine individuality. Our efforts are bound to be colourless where the person of the worker is not strong and sure. Numerous critics object to Elizabeth Barrett Browning's heroine, Aurora Leigh; but no one can deny that she was right on this point, when she argued: "No perfect artist is developed here from any imperfect woman."

We have had a merry Christmas, truly—and a generous-hearted one. Let us hope now for a happy New Year. We do not reflect much upon this. Serious minded people see the New Year in, making awful resolutions the while—but awful resolutions, however good they may be, are ghastly things when unsupported by the minor affairs of life; and it is just this "happy" resolution which we fail even to realise. Why not resolve to laugh more in 1905 than we did in 1904? Nobody need be shocked at this advice, nor deem it extravagant frivolity. Should there be any of the "intense" school who look upon it with scorn, I reply that a sense of humour would be an advantage to them. Should some serious minded maiden explain that her resolutions have only to do with the virtues, I assure her this is one. A poet, who was also a wise man, has the key to the secret when he says:

> One joyous laugh is all men's gain.

LADY PHYLLIS.

Photo by *H. E. Dawson*

An old spinstress of Dinan

Matters Musical

Amateur Musicians

As it is probable that there never has been a time when the professional musician flourished to such an extent as at present, so it is fairly safe to say that the average of amateur musicianship has of late years reached a considerably higher standard than prevailed, let us say, during early Victorian ages. By amateur musicians, I would indicate those individuals who, in almost every home of the great middle class—which, when all is said and done, provides a goodly proportion of the world's brains—have a modest reputation for playing the fiddle, or the piano, or for singing, rather than those bands of ladies and gentlemen who are continually rehearsing together, and hire Queen's Hall just once in a way for a grand concert, and therefore virtually imitate the methods of the professional.

Better Educated

The nation's store of common sense has presumably increased with its growth in other directions, and this, doubtless, makes it more easy to recognise the limitations of would-be musicians, so that comparatively few, who have no taste for it, are urged on to the prosecution of a study which cannot but prove unprofitable. Indeed, it is seldom nowadays that one is compelled to listen to the antics of some unfortunate individual who was credited, quite erroneously, in youth with possessing a certain aptitude for music, and was enjoined to follow what was presumed to be the inexorable finger of destiny. Most people to-day, who cannot perform, know it, and refrain accordingly—with much relief to the others. For the better education of those who possess real musical instinct, we have to thank such centres of learning as the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music, the Guildhall School, and other institutions, which, if they do not succeed in turning out in every instance finished musicians, at least teach their pupils how to appreciate good music. This inevitably tends to the better equipment of audiences.

Why Study Abroad?

It is a popular fallacy, probably fostered by the false sentiment that everything is of necessity good — at any rate, in the musical line—which comes from abroad, that, in order to obtain the best possible musical education, it is absolutely necessary to go and study at one of the great Continental conservatoires. It is true that the fees are considerably less, even for the very first professors, than in England, but I think that for an Englishman an English teacher is far more satisfactory than a foreigner. The foreigner has his own way of considering whatever he happens to be teaching, and it is pretty certain that the English brain will look at it differently. The result is that the pupil, if conscientious, does many things because he is told to, not because he understands them—a method which is bound to lead to confusion sooner or later. The crowning argument in favour of remaining in London, however, as I heard it expressed the other day, is that the highest prices for tuition are habitually paid here, and naturally the best professors will come where they can command the heaviest fees.

H. F.

Statue of Beethoven, which is shortly to be erected in Paris

This remarkable statue is the work of José de Charmoy, the young sculptor shown in the picture, who was commissioned by a committee presided over by Camille Saint-Saens. The marble is destined to a position in the Place de Trocadèro

Fashionable Facts and Fancies

By Mrs. JACK MAY

To those whom it may concern, Ambrosine and I have been away for Christmas, upholding tradition in the good old conventional country way—brought up to date. The weather, where we were, put on a fine semblance of the good old times, the carpet of white outside enhancing the value of the great Yule logs that were burning all day, and, for that matter, all night, within. In fact, the inevitable Christmas nightmare, in my case, that continued throughout the visit, dwelt persistently on defective chimney beams, and hairbreadth escapes in night attire—or, rather, the escape never came off, and that was the nightmare.

Chiffon Pillow Shams

Otherwise we were extremely well done, and learnt, among other interesting facts, that the latest pillow shams are of frilled chiffon, and that eider-down quilts are covered in taffeta mousseline. As a Sybarite born, such luxurious details appeal to me exhaustively, and I absolutely decline to discuss stupid reminiscences, like the fall of the Roman Empire. For myself, I would rather fall—and fall hard—than never be permitted to taste the Sybarite results of civilisation.

A chic design from the Maison Paquin

Fearful things, I suppose you know, are being predicted by the Mrs. Chants of Society, over our increasing love for the latter-day equivalent to anointing the body. Face masseuse, skin specialists, manicurists, are condemned wholly as a subtle device of the evil one, and no single word of admission is ever made as to our generally approved appearance and continued youthfulness. This would be granting too much, for one of the first creeds with the *unco guid* is a systematic disregard of justice and proportion. The women who make a religion of unloveliness deserve to be ducked in the best equivalent we can provide to the village duck-pond.

But, as Ambrosine remarks: what are we doing in this *galere?*—the youth of my *collaborateur* not tending to metaphysical reflections, she preferring rather to discuss one of the latest millinery features at

The Maison Paquin

A hat from Paquin has ever something of its own peculiar persuasion, though this one in particular lends itself but slightly to descriptive applause. There is a faithful portraiture, however, from which will be gathered the seductive quality of the silhouette, and the emphatic upward sweep of the ostrich plumes, the stems of which are held by a Byzantine ornament. Carried throughout in green bronze, the feathers shading to a suggestion of orange, this is a hat of most amiably adaptable character, since it would scarcely quarrel with any gown or coat, while it carries in many details the quiet exclusiveness of its birthplace.

History Repeats Itself

The fiat has gone forth, and past all redeeming, moreover, that the straight-fronted corset, as we at present know it, shall die. Paris is concerned in sweeping off the universe the overflowing figure, and substituting, in place, a form that, but for a fine modern leaven of reason, might easily be suspected of finally resolving into the erstwhile favourite hour-glass waist. And now comes the perplexing question, how those of us who have strenuously cultivated an exuberance of hips, and general freedom of form, are going to reduce the inevitable surplus of adipose deposit accruing from these easy measures into the close slim symmetry that is to prevail. We are going to be terribly shapely again, and, always provided we are not stiff necked and walk in the footsteps pointed out by our goddess La Mode, every vestige of the recently cultivated sloppy floppy style will have vanished ere we start the Spring crusade.

Far be it from us to deny for a moment the formidableness of the outlook; the change of front is complete and absolute, and we have but to bow and obey. The course of this corset event, however, shall be carefully followed up in these columns.

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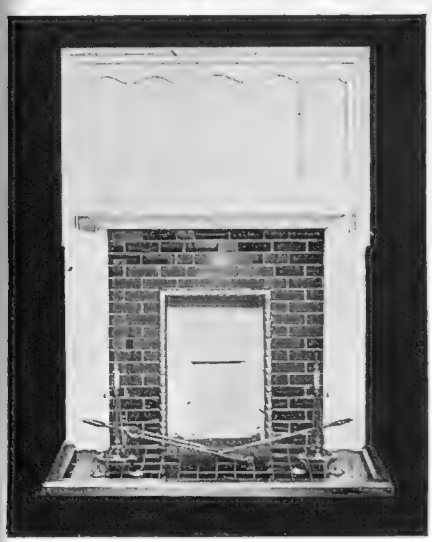

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A Great Sale

Quite one of the most enticing in Town is that now being held by Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, simultaneously, at the two London depôts, 156-170, Regent Street, and 101-102, Cheapside. As the most accessible, we have taken a survey of the goods cast into the sale limbo at Regent Street, and although our glance through was necessarily cursory, for this establishment has grown into one of the best comprehensive value, we are completely satisfied that the bargains are both genuine and good.

And this especially holds true of the costume department, where the surplus stock is in perfect condition, the firm having only made a quite late start in this direction. Some excellent English-made coat and skirt costumes have dropped from four guineas to 35*s.* 6*d.*, and are well worth securing, as are smartly built cloth and tweed skirts at one guinea. A capital sunray pleated walking-skirt, in shepherds' plaids and checks, is going at 35*s.* 6*d.*, and a knockabout tweed skirt in black and navy is actually lined throughout for one guinea. We were much struck by a chiffon evening gown, lined silk, and priced at £5 12*s.* 6*d.*, a charming confection, and noted several unique attractions in the mantles, a corner of the house that promises to hold its own with many formidable rivals. The reduction in very slightly soiled evening cloaks is almost ridiculous.

A toilette de promenade for the Riviera

Over the lingerie we hovered long and lovingly, and marked down for immediate purchase a dainty hand-embroidered nightgown, the embroidery taking the *mouvement* of a zouave, costing only 16*s.* 1*d.*

Riviera Toilettes

It is nowadays a well-accepted truism, that what the Riviera season exacts to-day we shall accept to-morrow.

Here you have an illustration of *le dernier cri* in Redingotes, exemplified in ivory white cloth, relieved by a *soupçon* of marron velvet, and some little *brandebourgs* of marron and gold cord. The skirt *en suite* is perfectly plain, but very full, while one easily surmises the *chic* lace shirt, whose presence is revealed by a soft handkerchief frill tumbling out of the front, accompanied by the inevitable posy, without which no recognised *élégante* is complete on the Riviera.

The Menu

CAKES AND SANDWICHES FOR AFTERNOON TEA

HOT TEA CAKES

Rub ¼ lb. of butter into 1 lb. of flour, add a teaspoonful of baking powder and a tablespoonful of castor sugar, work in a well-beaten egg and just sufficient milk to make a nice dough. Roll it out on a floured board, and cut it into small cakes with a tartlet cutter, and bake them on a buttered tin. When done, cut them in halves, spread liberally with butter, and serve hot.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

Weigh ¼ lb. of butter, ¼ lb. of castor sugar, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, ¼ lb. of flour, ¼ lb. of chocolate, one tablespoonful of ground rice, two eggs. Beat the butter to a cream, mix in the sugar, add the chocolate, melted over the fire in three tablespoonsful of water, mix in the yolks of the eggs separately, then add the flour, baking powder, and ground rice (well mixed), drop in a teaspoonful of vanilla essence, and, lastly, the whites of the eggs, beaten till quite stiff. Bake about three-quarters of an hour.

LITTLE ORANGE CAKES

Mix three eggs with 5 oz. of castor sugar till thick and smooth, shake in 6 oz. of sifted flour, the grated rind of two oranges, and a small teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in a good oven for twenty minutes in small fancy moulds. Mix ¼ lb. of icing sugar with the juice of one orange, and when well mixed pour over the cakes while warm.

CREAM CHEESE SANDWICHES

Cut some slices from a French roll and spread with butter. Grate some dry cheese, and mix it into two tablespoonfuls of thick cream, whisked to a stiff froth. Season to taste with salt and cayenne, and add a little chopped parsley, if liked. Spread the mixture on the slices, and cut into dainty shapes.

VICTORIA SANDWICHES

Cut slices of brown bread and butter, bone and clean some sardines; spread them on the bread and butter, with some mustard and cress on the top. Cut into sandwiches. EMILIA.

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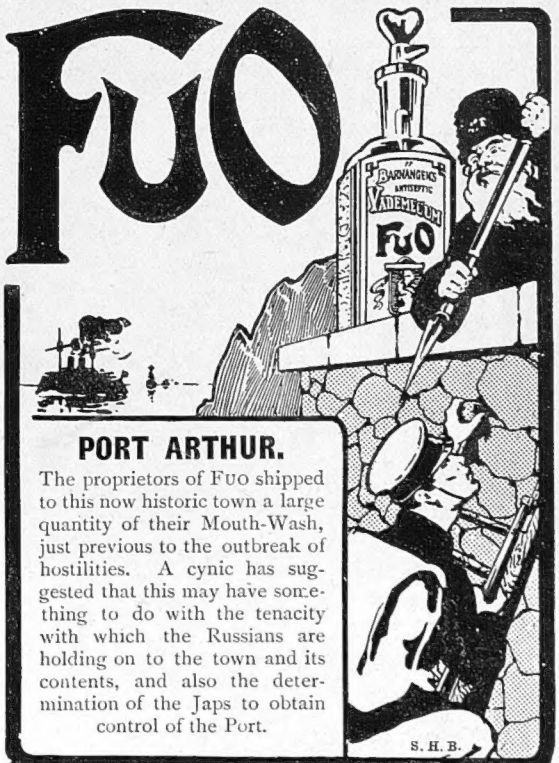

PORT ARTHUR.

The proprietors of FUO shipped to this now historic town a large quantity of their Mouth-Wash, just previous to the outbreak of hostilities. A cynic has suggested that this may have something to do with the tenacity with which the Russians are holding on to the town and its contents, and also the determination of the Japs to obtain control of the Port.

S. H. B.

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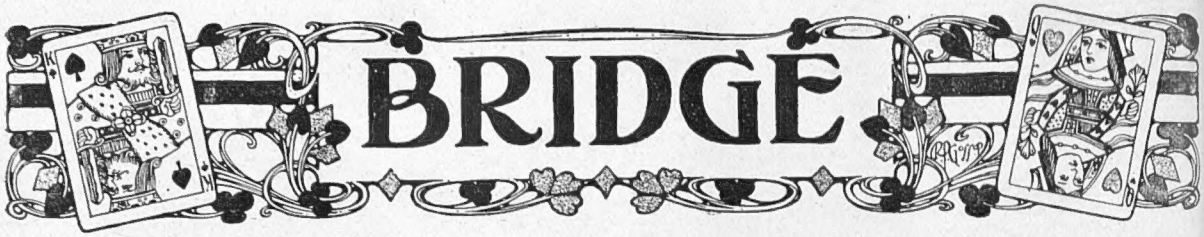

THE LEAD OF THE HIGHEST OF AN INTERMEDIATE SEQUENCE

The difference of opinion between the Bridge authorities who cling to the old whist leads and those who prefer a simpler code, such as that formulated by the Blenheim Club, does not seem likely to compose itself. The chief point at issue is with regard to the lead of the highest of an intermediate sequence, and in particular when that sequence is headed by the ten. Those who cling to the whist leads demand that the fourth best card should be led; their opponents demand the lead of the highest of the intermediate sequence.

When, for example, a player holds a suit containing ace, ten, nine, eight; king, ten, nine, eight; or queen, ten, nine, eight, should he lead the ten or the eight? Those who prefer the whist leads say that he should lead the eight. They urge that the eight gives his partner the greatest amount of information; that he knows at once, by the Eleven Rule, that the leader holds three better cards. Those who prefer the lead of the highest of the intermediate sequence say that it simplifies the leads. I cannot see this; one rule seems to me just as simple as the other. But if you work it out in practice, you will find that there are important advantages to be gained from the lead of the highest of an intermediate sequence, which go far to outweigh the greater amount of information given by the lead of the fourth best. Take this distribution of a suit:

Diamonds
J, 7, 6

Diamonds
Q, 10, 9, 8 — B / Y / Z / A — Diamonds
K, 5, 4

Diamonds
A, 3, 2

(1) Y is the leader, and leads the 8, and this is how the suit plays:

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1	♦ 8	♦ 6	♦ K	♦ A
2	♦ Q	♦ 7	♦ 4	♦ 3
3	♦ 9	♦ J	♦ 5	♦ 2

A B win 2 tricks.
Y Z win 1 trick.

(2) Y leads the ten:

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1	♦ 10	♦ 6	♦ 4	♦ A
2	♦ Q	♦ 7	♦ 5	♦ 3
3	♦ 9	♦ J	♦ K	♦ 2

A B win 1 trick.
Y Z win 2 tricks.

If B covers the ten with his knave, the result is the same.

If the king is in Y's hand and the queen in Z's, the result of either lead is the same.

Or take this distribution of the suit:

Diamonds
J, 7, 6

Diamonds
A, 10, 9, 8 — B / Y / Z / A — Diamonds
Q, 5, 4

Diamonds
K, 3, 2

(1) Y leads the eight:

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1	♦ 8	♦ 6	♦ Q	♦ K
2	♦ A	♦ 7	♦ 4	♦ 3
3	♦ 9	♦ J	♦ 5	♦ 2

A B win 2 tricks.
Y Z win 1 trick.

(2) Y leads the ten:

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1	♦ 10	♦ 6	♦ 4	♦ K
2	♦ A	♦ 7	♦ 5	♦ 3
3	♦ 9	♦ J	♦ Q	♦ 2

A B win 1 trick.
Y Z win 2 tricks.

If B covers the ten with the knave, the result is the same.

This gain of a trick by the lead of the ten seems to me to be a very fair set-off against the fact that it affords less information than the lead of the eight. Of course, should Z get the lead before the second round of diamonds is led, he will return the king and then a little one in the first hand, the queen and then a little one in the second hand.

NOTE.—In the solution of the play of the second hand of our competition rubber the king and knave of diamonds became transposed. The king should have been in B's hand, the knave in A's. It makes no difference to the play.

Answers to Correspondents

H.W.H.—Not if the leader had watched the fall of the cards. It is a little difficult.

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

An Alpine Christmas Number

The Christmas Number of the *Engadin Express and Alpine Post* is just to hand, with its tantalising pictures and descriptions of the life enjoyed by those fortunate enough to be able to pass their winters in Switzerland. The cover is a cheerful index to the number, for in it is reproduced the photograph of a little lady, all smiles and brimming over with joy, running down an almost perpendicular slope on a toboggan. Besides articles on the various sports in vogue, there is an interesting contribution from the Earl of Iddesleigh, written in a gentle vein of irony, and containing much that is interesting. Its title is, "What Men Like in Women." The photographs, of which the production contains a goodly number, are well reproduced.

Our Coloured Supplement

THE BYSTANDER has always prided itself on its Coloured Supplements, but seldom have we been able to present our readers with so charming a combination of line and colour as we give this week. The "Macdonald" girl is well known to our readers, and we venture to think that the dainty sprite appearing under the title of "A Study in Scarlet" is no whit less charming than her sisters who have appeared in previous numbers. Those who have been framing our Supplements as they have appeared, will now have another charming addition to their collection, and nothing can be brighter on the walls of a study or a club room, whether for men or women. We are having "A Study in Scarlet" tastefully framed, and those who wish may obtain it on application to the Publisher, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C. The price is half-a-crown.

King Edward's Hospital Fund for London

The Fund was established in 1897 by His Majesty the King, then Prince of Wales, to secure sufficient and permanent support for the Metropolitan Hospitals. The President of the Fund is His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and His Majesty the King continues to extend to it his warm interest and support. Since its formation the Fund has distributed the sum of £433,326 5*s.* 0*d.* to Hospitals and Convalescent Homes, and in the year ending December 31, 1903, £100,000 was distributed. Through the agency of the fund 443 beds have been opened in different hospitals. This in itself is equivalent to the establishment of a large hospital. The advances of medical science entail great expense on existing hospitals to bring the condition of their buildings and equipment up to the standard of modern requirements, thus causing a great drain on the funds supplied by the benevolence of the charitable public. At the same time the necessary expenditure on patients tends to increase, so that the needs of the hospitals are more urgent than ever, and a special appeal for help is now being made. Certainly money could be laid "out" in no more deserving cause. All communications to be addressed to: The Honorary Secretaries, King Edward's Hospital Fund for London, 81, Cheapside, London, E.C.

The Art Union's Annual Presentation Plate.

We have received a copy of the Annual Presentation Plate issued to the members of the Society for last year. The Plate is entitled "The Miller's Meadow," and is an etching by Mr. C. O. Murray of Mr. Alfred East's well-known picture, The original painting of "The Miller's Meadow" was exhibited in the New Gallery Exhibition of 1903, and is generally regarded as one of Mr. East's finest compositions. It is a noble picture, dignified and harmonious in composition, and characterised in its general treatment by that delicate poetry of feeling which is so great a charm in Mr. East's work. The picture may be not inaptly described as blending some of the fine qualities of Constable and Corot—the splendid lines and rich tone masses of the one, with the more idyllic feeling of the French painter, while throughout the whole work can be felt that intimate loving knowledge of Nature, which is the landscape artist's best equipment. It is, perhaps, no secret that Mr. East considers "The Miller's Meadow" the best etching of his work that has ever been produced. The picture was painted in the Lambourne Valley, Berkshire, in the Miller's Meadow of Boxford Mill.

"The Unemployed"

The topic which occupies the chief position in the newspapers to-day is the problem of the "Unemployed." Several newspapers have started funds for the relief of the starving and homeless, while others have more especially taken up the part of the little ones, and have supplied hundreds of needy children with boots. Of all the different agencies at work, however, to relieve the distress at present so acute, there is not one more practical, and therefore more likely to achieve the best results, than our friends, the Salvation Army. They have supplied already this winter over 63,000 farthing breakfasts, and as many as 1,130 children are served in a single morning at one of their centres. The Army makes every effort to prevent unworthy individuals getting the advantage of these cheap meals, and we are certain that practically every case that is helped by the Army is one where the assistance is really needed. We feel sure that those of our readers who wish, at least in some small degree, to help to alleviate the sufferings of the poor, cannot do better than utilise the Salvation Army as the means for doing this. The Army issue an exceedingly interesting account of their social work, entitled "Precipices," which will be sent free, we believe, to anyone who applies to their headquarters in Queen Victoria Street.

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